The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Senate on Thursday passed a new Dependent Pension Bill, in the precise form in which it was prepared by the Pension Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, and accepted by the Pension Committee of the Senate. The bill was drawn by the Grand Army men expressly with a view to avoiding the objections urged by the President to the bill which he vetoed last year, chief of which was the fact that the language of the latter regarding "disability" was "so uncertain, and liable to such conflicting constructions, and subject to such unjust and mischievous application, as to alone furnish sufficient ground for disapproving the proposed legislation." The new bill does seem to meet this objection, inasmuch as it expressly provides that the disability which entitles men to pensions must be a disability "which *totally* incapacitates them for the performance of labor." Strong efforts were made by Mr. Plumb and other Republicans to strike out this word "totally," as a concession to the President's scruples which the Senate ought not to make, but the majority insisted upon finally passing the bill with this important qualification retained.

Unfortunately, there are other features of the bill which are not so clear as might be desired, and Senators themselves differed so much as to the construction of sundry clauses that the real scope of the measure must remain a matter of doubt. This uncertainty of mind is reflected in the vote. The yeas on the passage of the bill were 44 and the nays 16. Allowing for 10 Senators who were paired, 70 out of the 76 members of the Senate virtually declared their attitude, of whom 49 favored the measure and 21 opposed it. Of these, 36 were Republicans and 34 Democrats. All of the 36 Republicans favored the bill. Of the 34 Democrats 13 favored it and 21 opposed. The Republicans could have been counted upon to support any pension measure, however sweeping, while the Democrats would probably have been solid in opposing a bill which they considered as opening the door to a great and unwarrantable extension of the pension list. More than half of the Democrats evidently held to this view of the pending bill, but nearly half of them thought it so well guarded as to deserve their support. It is noteworthy that among these Southern Democrats in the affirmative were "Confederate brigadiers" like Hampton of South Carolina, George and Walthall of Mississippi, Kenna and Faulkner of West Virginia, a rebel "war Governor" like Brown of Georgia, and a Confederate legislator like Pugh of Alabama, to whom must be added that Republican "rebel," Riddleberger of Virginia.

The investigation of Trusts has been taken up at Washington city. This is the right place, because it is at Washington city that the Great Trust, viz., the Tariff, is under investigation. It is altogether proper and fitting that the little Trusts and the great one should be put alongside of each other. As we anticipated, one of the pleas for the little ones is that Trusts are necessary because wages are so much higher here than in Europe. Mr. Parsons, in behalf of the Sugar Trust, according to the *Herald's* report, said that "labor was paid two or three times as high here as in Europe." This is probably an erroneous report of what Mr. Parsons said, because there is no such disparity between the United States and England, which was the country under consideration. In order to find a place where such disparity exists, we must go to some country like Russia, where wages are so low, as compared with those of England, that protective tariffs are maintained to keep English goods out. It is a singular fact that low wages in England constitute the reason for protective tariffs in the United States, while high English wages are the reason for protective tariffs in France and Germany. But it is not at all singular that the wages argument should be harnessed into the service of the Trusts. Every reason that brings this argument into the service of the tariff fits equally the case of the Trust. A high price for the article sold enables the producer to pay high wages—*argal*, he pays high wages. Let the Trust investigation go on at Washington city, but not at Albany. Let the big Trust and the little ones stand side by side, and prove their absurdities by comparison with each other.

The Burlington Railroad has promptly initiated legal proceedings against the Wabash, under the Inter-State Commerce Act, for unlawful discrimination in refusing to take freight from the Burlington. The Wabash happens to be in the hands of a receiver, and is, therefore, subject to the peremptory orders of the United States Circuit Court. That the necessary orders will be given there can be no doubt, because, whatever a railroad superintendent like Mr. St. John of the Rock Island may do, no court can set the example of disregarding a law of Congress. The written refusal of Mr. St. John to obey the law ought to be the prelude to his dismissal from the service of his company. He says that his engineers refuse to haul Burlington cars, and that in his judgment it is better not to haul them than to have a strike on his road and put the people along his line to great inconvenience. The law makes Mr. St. John liable to a fine of $5,000 for each refusal to take freight when offered to him. We hope that the Burlington will make several tenders each day and prosecute every one of them vigorously, besides making claim for damages to the parties injured by the non-delivery of their goods. Of course the Brotherhood of Engineers have put it down in their note-books that the Rock Island Company is a soft concern, and a fit subject for future attack and spoliation.

The Hon. Mr. Plumb, a member of Congress from Illinois, has asked and obtained leave to print six pages in the *Congressional Record* to prove that the 4 per cent. Government bonds are redeemable at the present time at par, following up this thesis with a gallant attack on the present Administration for buying these bonds at a premium. Mr. Plumb's argument is of various kinds and degrees of absurdity, but the chief point is that the Public Credit Act of 1869, re-enacted in the Revised Statutes in 1873, provided that the United States might redeem any of its bonds before maturity if United States notes (greenbacks) should then be convertible into coin at par at the option of the holder. What the act in question said was, that "none of the interest-bearing obligations, not already due, shall be redeemed or paid before maturity, unless at such time United States notes shall be convertible into coin at the option of the holder." It is easy to see that these two propositions—the one in the law and the one in Mr. Plumb's cranium—are identical, just as a horse chestnut is a chestnut horse.

Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania on Thursday presented eleven petitions of citizens of that State "praying that no reduction be made in the tariff duties or in the internal-revenue taxes." In other words, these conservative citizens petition Congress to collect from the people a hundred million dollars, more or less, every year, that the Government has no use for, and cannot get rid of in any honest way. The right of petition is sacred, and we would not have it curtailed. But the character of these petitions suggests the important query what mankind will do when, in the course of revolving ages, the United States Treasury shall have absorbed all the money in the world. As no period of time is mentioned when any taxes shall be repealed, it behooves us to devise some method of transacting business without money. Certain persons of a speculative turn of mind have now and then propounded the plan of trading by a "tabular standard of value." Perhaps Mr. Cameron's constituents have this plan in view, and are seeking to direct public attention to that reform by preventing us from having any old-fashioned money at all.

Mr. Sherman's bid for the anti-Chinese vote turns out to have been nothing but a piece of sharp practice. Finding that his record on the anti-Chinese bills of a few years ago rendered him unavailable as a Republican candidate on the Pacific Coast, he resolved to capture that part of the country by a great show of attention to its wishes now. So he introduced a resolution, and had it passed, asking the President to negotiate a new treaty regarding Chinese emigration. This would have been bad enough as a transpa-

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rent piece of electioneering if the idea of such a treaty had really been original with him, and he had been sincere in his apparent effort to stir up the Administration to action. But it turns out that, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Sherman knew that the Administration had been for a long time engaged in efforts to secure such a treaty, and consequently that he was guilty of false pretences in trying to pose as the champion of the Pacific Coast. If the Ohio Senator has any friends, it is time for them to interfere, or the Presidential bee will soon make him a national laughing-stock.

Mr. Henry George, in the *Standard*, supplies an illustration of the wages fallacy by a discourse on the tariff on bottles. Some years ago Mr. Siemens, the German inventor, discovered a new process for making the cheaper kind of bottles whereby the cost was greatly reduced. He offered to sell the process to the bottle makers of the United States, but as it involved the destruction of the old process and the loss of the capital invested in it, they refused to buy it. Mr. Siemens then said that he should undersell them in the United States, because he could pay the duty and still sell cheaper than they could. They replied that they "would see about that." So they went to Congress and got the duty raised to 200 per cent. ad valorem, effectually checkmating Mr. Siemens's benevolent intentions. They then lowered the wages of their workmen, established a lockout, and at the end of a long struggle starved their operatives into a surrender. In this way the theory of high wages under a prohibitory tariff was vindicated in the bottle trade.

Ex-Gov. Bullock of Georgia, the last Republican Governor of that State, continues his good work of spiking the guns of those Northern Republicans who want to make a bloody-shirt campaign this year. As everybody knows, Georgia is the State most depended upon for figures by the Republican organs and stump-speakers which argue that there is not "a free ballot and a fair count," and that the Republican vote is suppressed, because few ballots are cast for Republican candidates. Ex-Gov. Bullock meets this charge fairly and squarely. He says: "The fact that the ten Congressmen from Georgia were elected by 26,000 votes, and without opposition, does not by any means prove that it was either a dishonest vote or an unfair count. It only proves that there was no issue about which our people contended, or upon which we differed among ourselves." He says that if the issue of protection or free trade can be made, "every man—white, black, and yellow—in Georgia will vote according to his convictions, and the votes will be counted as cast"; but that "if the question in issue is the supposed suppression of votes, no one will bother his head about it, for every one knows that it is a false issue, and one in which we take no interest."

When Mr. Sherman made his famous Nashville speech last year, he gave utterance to this most patriotic sentiment: "The war is over, thank God; but the courage, bravery, and fortitude of both sides are now the pride and heritage of us all." This tribute to the valor of "rebels" was no sooner published than "Bill" Chandler and others of the party Bourbons began denouncing Mr. Sherman, and he was forced to recant in his Springfield speech, wherein he denounced every "rebel" as unworthy to hold office. Happily Mr. Sherman could not wipe out the printed report of his Nashville speech, and we are very glad to note that the words which we have quoted have been selected by the surviving members of the Federal and Confederate divisions that participated in the charge of Pickett's corps at Gettysburg, and will be graven on the monument that these former enemies propose to erect on that memorable field near the so-called "Bloody Angle." It would have been much better for Mr. Sherman's reputation if he had told "Bill" Chandler and the rest of the Bourbons that he "would rather be right than be President," and that he would stand by his Nashville speech, for in that case he would certainly have been right and might have been President, whereas his recantation put it out of his power to be either.

The "crisis" is on again. This time it is in Augusta and Bangor, Me. A week ago Monday it was in Lewiston and other Maine cities, and in Des Moines, Iowa. A fortnight before it was in Syracuse, N. Y. From the point of view of common sense, the question in each city was simply whether one or another man should be Mayor, but in the politicians' view, the issue has been whether "free trade" should be endorsed, whether the city would "keep her place in the Republican line"; whether the voters should help to secure "a Republican State and a Republican President next fall." The result has varied greatly. Senator Hiscock appealed to Syracuse to "indicate the sturdiness of Republican politics in Central New York in this Presidential year," and the city went Democratic by almost 800 majority. The great Manley informed the world after the elections in Lewiston and other Maine cities, on Monday week, that "Maine repudiates the free-trade message"; but as Des Moines the same day elected a Democratic Mayor, it looked as though, by parity of reasoning, Iowa endorsed free trade. Of course no such issue was really involved in the elections anywhere; and after seeing the mixed character of the results, the politicians will probably be ready to admit that they have been talking nonsense.

There could be no better evidence of the growth of thrift in the South than the introduction of the cent. In the old days nobody bothered with so small a thing as a cent, and the nickel was the smallest change that passed current. Even to this day in Georgia the "rules governing the transportation of passengers" laid down by the State Railroad Commission provide that "when the passenger fare does not end in 5 or 0, the nearest sum so ending shall be the fare. For example, for 27 cents, collect 25 cents; for 28 cents, collect 30 cents." But the South has gradually discovered that it is not beneath its dignity to look after the pennies, and the Commission has just amended this rule by providing that railroad companies after May 1 shall collect the exact mileage if they can make the necessary change, and, in case they cannot, shall not collect more than the next lowest amount ending in 5 or 0. This, of course, makes it for the advantage of the railroad companies to lay in a supply of cents, so that they can make the exact change, and, once accustomed to the penny in paying railroad fare, the people will soon learn to insist upon it in all transactions. And they will find that it "will be money in their pockets."

Some curious results appear in statistics furnished by Mr. Harrison Branthwaite, keeper of a home for inebriates at Twickenham, England. Mr. Branthwaite's conclusion is that "drunkenness is a disease amenable, like other diseases, to careful treatment." No doubt his qualification, "like other diseases," is to be construed strictly; that is, there are many incurable cases. Still, out of fifty patients under treatment for an average period of about five months, only nine have "relapsed," while eleven have become total abstainers. In nineteen out of the fifty cases an hereditary disposition to drink existed. An analysis of causes shows a convivial disposition in fifteen cases, while forty-two were "social" in habit, only one being "morose" and one "gloomy"; "domestic worry" drove eleven to drink, and "business worry" was the cause of seven instances. Blaine editors should take notice that "election work" is responsible for one case out of fifty. A useful moral may be drawn from the statement that of the patients on Mr. Branthwaite's list twenty-three were given to "all kinds" of stimulants, while it includes only one addicted exclusively to wine, and one who indulged in beer solely.

It becomes more and more evident every day that the feature of Blaine's withdrawal which most worries the Blaine men is the fear that the Republican party may possibly nominate somebody for whom some Mugwump may vote. In the discussion of candidates, it is already made plain that a good word from a Mugwump in favor of any man is accounted sufficient reason for "straight Republicans" to drop him from consideration. Thus, the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* remarks that "the Mugwump and Cleveland papers in New York and Philadelphia are taking a good deal too much interest in Judge Gresham as a Republican candidate to commend him to Republicans. Able editors who did, or propose to, support Cleveland for the Presidency, should not imagine that they will be consulted about the Republican candidates." The best expression of this feeling which we have anywhere found appears in the Gloversville *Intelligencer*, a Republican organ published in Fulton Coun-

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ty in this State. The *Intelligencer* explains that it mourns over Mr. Blaine's withdrawal in part because it had hoped to fight the next Presidential contest on that line, and because it believed that he would win by an overwhelming majority, but chiefly for another reason, which must be stated in its own words:

"But over and beyond these causes of sorrow there's one that sinks deep into our soul—that eats into our innermost heart and burns like the fires of sheol—and that is, that the withdrawal of Blaine from the contest may, and probably will, afford a pretext for George William Curtis, George Jones, and other nasty little Mugwumps to support the Republican ticket next fall."

This fear that objectionable people may vote your ticket is one of the most curious things ever known in the history of politics. How Abraham Lincoln would have laughed over the idea that the Republican party might get too many votes because some "nasty" people proposed to vote for it! However, it is of no use to laugh over the idea, for it is really a very serious matter to the people who entertain it. What must be done is to devise some means by which these objectionable voters may be kept from supporting the Republican ticket. The thorough-going Blaine men still insist that the only certain method is to nominate Blaine anyway. But it would be well to be prepared for all contingencies, and in case Blaine is not nominated, there must be some assurance that the man who is nominated will not get any more votes than Blaine would. How would it do to draw up a list of possible candidates any one of whom the "nasty little Mugwumps" would pledge themselves not to vote for, and any one of whom, therefore, would be eligible.

Massachusetts towns have the chance to vote on the question of licensing the sale of liquor every year, and the same swinging of the pendulum from one extreme to the other which occurs so regularly in the large cities is often noted in the smaller places. Of twenty-three towns in the western part of the State which voted last week six went for license which went against it last year, while two went against it now which went for it last year. The aggregate vote of all twenty-three towns showed 739 majority against license last year and 342 for license this year.

We presume Mayor Hewitt has done nothing to give more genuine pleasure to a large body of people than his blunt refusal to review the Irish procession on St. Patrick's Day. The courage of it is so novel that it both delights and amuses, in these days when politicians pass so much of their time looking around to find clubs, or societies, or brotherhoods before which to abase themselves. Moreover, the St. Patrick's procession has always been one of those mistaken modes of commending themselves to American admiration and good wishes into which the Irish are so apt to fall. As a procession it is never impressive, and, in fact, is apt to be a little ridiculous in American eyes. It costs a good deal of money to poor people, and it constitutes a most annoying interruption to traffic at a busy hour of the day. The pretence in which Mayors have always hitherto been in the habit of indulging (we believe Oakey Hall wore a green coat in honor of it), that they considered it something very fine, has been one of the most pitiful episodes in municipal politics, and Mr. Hewitt's refusal to continue the tradition is a good sign of the times. We say good sign of the times, because the attempts of associations and clubs of one sort or another to bully or cow public officials were never so numerous as at present.

Mr. Randall's Tariff Bill may be looked upon as the champion oddity of the session. It does not entirely repeal the liquor taxes, but it puts them in such shape that they might better be repealed. The discrimination between spirits used in the arts, and spirits used as a beverage, and between those distilled from grain and those distilled from fruits, could never be carried into effect on our widely extended and sparsely peopled territory. The duty on sugar is left absolutely untouched, and here Mr. Randall shows a more slavish devotion to the principles of protection than the Republicans. The bill sent to Washington by the Home Market Club of Boston cuts heavily into the sugar duties, and offers a compensating bounty to the planters. The remainder of Mr. Randall's bill is a readjustment of fractions among the protected classes, giving a little more to one and a little less to another, like the country described in one of Bastiat's parables, where the people had resolved that no industry could prosper unless highway robbery were legalized, the roads being apportioned between the different highwaymen, and reapportioned whenever it was found that one was getting more and another less than his fair share. The Republicans, we are convinced, will have nothing to do with Mr. Randall's bill; and since the Democrats will not touch it, the only thing to be done with it is to put it in a show-case and exhibit it as an oddity.

The meetings of Republican State Committees in the Southern States, which are now occurring, do not cut much figure in the despatches, but they well deserve attention. The local papers in the cities where the committees meet, occasionally contribute information of no little significance as to what is going on among the politicians. Thus, the Montgomery *Dispatch*, the Democratic paper published at the capital of Alabama, says that the Republican State Committee in that city last week rendered it evident that Blaine's friends still mean to push his claims and work for his nomination. The *Dispatch* draws this picture of the proceedings: "Money was used here during the meeting of the Committee in the interest of both Blaine and Sherman. Blaine had the biggest pile if not the best 'hand,' and raked in the 'pot.' When a prominent Republican who attended the meeting of the Committee as a spectator, and who is more truthful than discreet, remarked that it is not John Sherman's bloody-shirt record or Blaine's protective-tariff letter which is going to capture the Southern vote, but the *income* tax,' he uttered a vapid truism, and one which, it is quite evident, Steve Elkins appreciates, but of which Sherman's friends seem totally and wholly ignorant." The *Dispatch* concludes that the Montgomery proceedings are only part of a policy which is being carried out through the South, and expresses the opinion that Blaine is going to be nominated.

Without reference to the question of its bearing on the chances of rival candidates, the state of things which is illustrated by this Alabama incident contains much food for thought. The theory of a national convention is that representatives of a political party gather from all parts of the country to decide what man will make the strongest candidate for President. Under normal circumstances, there is a rude sort of equality and fairness in allowing each State a share in the Convention proportioned to the State's share of the total electoral vote for President. But what is known as the "Solid South" casts more than one-third of the electoral votes, and in only half-a-dozen of these sixteen old slave States is the Republican party at present a real political organization. In the other Southern States, the only semblance of an organization is the relic of the machine which was constructed by the Federal office-holders under Republican national administrations. Enough of these managers are left to "go through the motions" of holding conventions and electing delegates, but the delegates have no real constituency which has authorized them to speak for it. Yet Alabama will have more delegates in the Republican National Convention than New Jersey, and Mississippi more than Connecticut; and these delegates, who represent no constituencies, may force a candidate upon States like New Jersey and Connecticut.

Mr. Goschen's proposal to convert the national debt of Great Britain from 3 per cents into 2½ per cents is a very important, though not, as things go, an over-bold transaction. The 3 per cents are now quoted at 102⅜, and would be considerably higher if they were not menaced by the proposed funding scheme, which has been hanging over the market ever since they rose above par. Mr. Goschen's plan proposes that the interest of the new consols shall be 2¾ per cent. for fourteen years, and 2½ per cent. thereafter, effecting a saving to the Treasury of £1,400,000 per year immediately, and £2,800,000 after the expiration of the fourteen years. There is no reason why the plan should not be successfully carried out. The English fundholders have been protesting against it in a feeble and somewhat ludicrous way ever since the project took shape, five or six months ago, but their groans will not be listened to, and of course ought not to be.

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THE EFFECT OF THE KAISER'S DEATH.

ALTHOUGH it has been for the last five years, at least, reasonable to expect the death of the German Emperor at any moment, it has had, nevertheless, as the disappearance of any great historic figure must have, the effect of a more or less painful surprise in all civilized countries. People are now asking, with as much anxiety as if he had died at the age of sixty or seventy instead of ninety-one, what is to happen next, how will the German Empire fare, and what will be the effect on the peace of Europe.

In trying to answer these questions, it is well to bear in mind that the Emperor's greatest feat of statecraft was the discovery, promotion, and steady support of Bismarck; and that whenever we examine closely any piece of his policy during the past twenty-five years, we find that its merit lay in a fixed, unswerving, unshakable determination that, through weal or woe, Bismarck should have his way. It is true that Bismarck could not have created the German Empire without having such a sovereign at his back, but it is true also, and in a larger sense, that King William would never have been Kaiser if he had not at the critical moment found a minister whose courage was equal to every occasion. The two men must have passed through awful moments of anxiety together, but Bismarck was probably truthful in claiming that at some of the most awful he had to supply for both the needful amount of unconquerable will; that, in fact, the King's prejudices were among the greatest obstacles he had to overcome in the earlier days of his Titanic task. We shall probably arrive at a clearer conception of the political importance of the Kaiser's death by asking ourselves whether it would at any time within the last twenty years have been possible to carry any measure, either of administration or legislation, in the German Empire without Bismarck's initiative or against his wish. The Minister has in truth been, and is now, the supreme ruler of the empire. He has not only crushed all opponents, but has silenced all critics. For a long time it has been impossible for any man to make a career in German politics who found fault with Bismarck's ways.

Consequently, the great crisis of the German Empire has not yet come, and will not come until Bismarck disappears from the scene. The notion that either the Crown Prince or his son, even if both were in the vigor of health, could get rid of the Prince or his policy, especially in the present state of Europe, is chimerical. Neither of them would probably even attempt such a feat. The fear that Prince William, if he now ascends the throne, can precipitate a quarrel with anybody, ignores the moral forces which, even in the most military of States, lie behind the fleets and armies, and must be controlled before the national strength can be put forth. To mobilize the German Army in a quarrel of which Bismarck did not approve, and which the nation would, therefore, think unnecessary, would be a task for which no sovereign would be equal, and least of all a young and sickly one. The most absolute monarchs in our day are but wheels in the immense social machine. The Czar, who is to outward appearance the only specimen of the old eighteenth-century sovereign left in Christendom, is said to be the least free, in his sphere, of all the Russians. His generals, his bureaucracy, and his revenue collectors surround him with walls of necessity against which he might beat his brains out.

The probabilities are, therefore, that the influence of the Kaiser's death on European politics will be imperceptible, tragic and impressive as the circumstances have made it. There are few more pathetic events in history than the transmission of the crown, in the order of nature, to the gallant soldier and honest gentleman lately thought to be dying by inches at San Remo. If a painter wished to illustrate the vanity of human wishes, to bring home to us with the pencil "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," he could hardly choose a better subject than the receipt by the Crown Prince of the news that he had inherited the greatest throne in the world. But this is, after all, the old tale of private sorrow and disappointment. The great crisis in German politics will not come until Prince Bismarck's death is announced. Then, indeed, the wisest man may well hold his breath; for even the warmest admirer of the Prince and of his work must admit that the one thing for which he has in his great career made no provision is a successor. Neither his policy nor his system of government is suited to a world in which the supply of Bismarcks runs short. When his tongue is silent and his busy brain has ceased to plot, and not until then, we shall know what he has done, if anything, to make his work enduring.

A GOOD FIELD FOR REFORM.

SOMETHING needs to be done, and done promptly, about the Indian service, and the only thing that can be done to secure reform is the extension to this service of the civil-service rules. The matter has more than once been laid before the President by the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia. He has not questioned the accuracy of these reports, and he has acquiesced in the opinion expressed by Mr. Oberly that he has the power, under the law, to extend the operation of the rules to this service. Nevertheless, nothing has been done. All the recent accounts of the doings at the agencies go to show that the spoils system never flourished more vigorously anywhere than it flourishes there. Nevertheless, nowhere is it such a disgrace to the nation. The helplessness and ignorance of the Indians constitute the strongest possible claim on the Administration for care in the appointment of those who are to look after them. Political hacks are bad enough in the post-offices and custom-houses of white men, but in these places they are impositions on people who ought to be able to take care of themselves. Putting them in charge of the Indians is a fraud on the helpless and the poor.

The root of this trouble (and if the President does not know it, it is time he did) is that Mr. Atkins, although personally a most respectable man, is much too simple-minded and good-natured for his place. The real Indian Commissioner is not he, but Mr. Upshaw, his assistant. It is Upshaw who manages Indian affairs, and he manages them not for the benefit of the Indians, but for his own benefit and that of the "party." Nearly every appointment in the Indian service is made by him, or comes direct from him, and is turned to his account in some way. Under his system he manages to place Senators and Congressmen under personal obligations to him. We are informed that when he hears of their election he writes to them asking if they need anything in his line, or, in other words, whether they would like to plant a henchman in the Indian service. It must be said for him, however, that there is nothing partisan in his operations. He "tenders" his good offices to Democrats and Republicans alike, and he consequently has abundance of friends in both parties ready to certify in the hour of need that he is "one of the ablest executive officers in Washington." In short, he lives on terms of close intimacy with the mammon of unrighteousness. Now, it is time he was overhauled. If the President means to put an end to the great discredit the Indian service has been bringing upon his Administration, and destroy the ammunition it will furnish to his enemies next summer, he must begin with Upshaw. There can be no change for the better as long as there is a man in Upshaw's place more occupied with obliging Congressmen than taking proper care of the nation's wards, or a man in Mr. Atkins's place who is willing to let Upshaw have his way.

The effects of the Upshaw system began to show themselves as early as 1886. A good illustration of it was the removal of the farmer at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, in the summer of that year, to make way for an old gentleman who, by reason of age and permanent infirmity, was, Capt. Bell, the agent, reported, "not suited to discharge the duties of the position." The physician at the post declared him permanently disabled, and an Indian had to be employed to do his duty. Capt. Bell (U. S. A.) continues his report as follows (Sept. 7, 1886):

"The uncertainty as to tenure of office existing in the minds of employees at this agency, due to the system adopted by the Department of appointing persons to fill various positions who are entirely devoid of experience in Indian affairs, is demoralizing and injurious to the service. Under the present system they feel, and properly so, that the faithful attention to duty, honesty, and efficiency counts for little, and that it is only a question of time when the Department will require their place for some one as a reward for political services. The chief herder, who has faithfully performed his duties at this agency for several years, has recently been removed to give place to the appointment of a young man from Tennessee, who has never had a day's experience in taking care of large herds of cattle on the plains in winter, and I imagine that his first experience with a Dakota blizzard will make him wish for the comforts

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of his Tennessee home. The efficient issue clerk has also been removed and his place filled by the appointment, contrary to regulations, of a partner in one of the Indian trading establishments of this place, the removal and appointment having been made by an inspector of the Department, and during the absence of the agent. I have not heard of any charges having been made against either of the persons removed. Until honesty and faithful performance of duty are taken into account and made the basis of tenure of office, and until the Department and its management are entirely and absolutely divorced from politics, but little can be hoped for in the way of material progress.

"The policy now in vogue is degrading and demoralizing. The agent is but a figure-head, and is prevented by the interference of the Department from conducting the affairs of the agency according to commonsense business principles. It is impossible for an agent to maintain a manly sentiment of independence and self-respect, and remain voluntarily in the service; and nine-tenths of the agents, if they express their true sentiments, will endorse what I say. There can be but one head to an Indian agency, and the agent should be that head, if discipline, the mainspring of success, is to be maintained. If an agent is not capable of selecting the persons to serve under him, he is not a fit person for the place, and should be removed."

This report was made a year and a half ago. Things have not mended since then. They have grown worse. Such things always grow worse merely by continuing, like any sore, physical or moral. No bad man or bad practice maintains for any length of time the same degree of badness. Mr. J. B. Harrison, whose competence and high character as an observer are well known to readers of the *Nation*, visited the Indian Boarding School on the Yainax Reserve in southern Oregon in the summer of 1886. He found it in charge of Prof. Leeke, an admirable man whom any other civilized Government would think itself lucky to get in its service. When his term expired, Upshaw got rid of him promptly, probably to oblige his Congressmen. Prof. Painter, who visited the Territory last summer on behalf of the Indian Rights Association, found some Government boarding-schools in which as many as five successive superintendents had served in one year. The condition of some of the schools under Upshaw's men he reported as deplorable.

In fact, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Indian service has suffered as no other department of the Government has done from the change of administration in 1884. It has, as far as we can ascertain, all come from the fatal error of putting a weak man at the head of the Bureau, and giving him a smart, active, unscrupulous, and energetic politician to do his work for him. The President cannot have meant this, but he cannot afford to let it go on. Upshaw is too expensive a person for any administration to keep in the house. He cannot get votes out of the Indians, and he disgusts thousands of voters who wish well to President Cleveland's Administration, but to whom cruelty and jobbery and corruption are never so odious as when practised on those who cannot complain.

GRASS.

THE bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Platt of Connecticut, providing for the establishment of an experimental grass and forage-plant farm, ought not to go without notice by those interested in the expenditure of Government money and those who care for agriculture. It provides for the purchase of a Government farm near the 100th meridian, presumably in western Kansas, or in Nebraska or Dakota, where "extended experiments are to be carried on," with a view to the economic worth and the culture of grasses and forage. In support of the project, attention is called to the value of our grass crop, which aggregates about one thousand millions a year. On the quality of our grasses depends that of our beef, mutton, pork, and whatever else comes of such nutriment. "All flesh is grass," cries the Senator—whether with enthusiasm or sadness we are not informed, though we understand the Scripture quotation to illustrate those remarkable coincidences between science and revelation which the last generation was fond of adducing.

We credit the Senator with a higher motive than the gratification of his own appetite. He desires to promote our agricultural interests. In directing attention to the worth of careful observations on grass culture, he has touched a matter of considerable importance. Whether the establishment of a Government farm may prove to be the wisest way to accomplish his purpose, is a question to be discussed after the desirability of some action has been admitted.

Mr. Platt informs us that the yearly cost of the seed and vegetable section of the Agricultural Bureau is $100,000. No suggestion is given as to the cost of the new project. The first outlay for the farm in the proposed region need not be large. But at its heels follows the need of buildings, tools, and scientific appliances on a scale commensurate with the dignity of a Government establishment for the conduct of "extensive experiments." To these must be added laborers, superintendents, and scientific investigators. The first cost will be small compared with maintenance through even a limited period of years. Annual expenses will not be diminished by the distance of the farm from the office at Washington. To say that the hundred thousand dollars per year now spent on seeds and vegetables would be matched by an equal sum for grasses and forage plants is probably not far from the truth. This would not be an unreasonable sum were the interests of science or practical agriculture to be most effectually furthered by the outlay. On this point we have serious doubt. We do not question that the Western plains, towards which the project partly looks, might, in the end, be helped by a scientific handling of the grasses native to them, and by a judicious selection of forage plants to supplement the grasses; though cultivation has not yet made such progress among the ranches as to suggest much immediate benefit. In so far as the plan contemplates a general investigation of the grasses of the country, the extreme West presents difficulties.

But objections are not urged on account of the proposed location. They arise from the limited benefit to be derived from a single Government farm in any locality. Government cannot establish one farm to conduct experiments which shall be of more than partial value to the whole country. When the people in Washington go into the business of scientific farming, they will find themselves in a very large business, which will require one farm for each important climatic division of the country, and perhaps another for every diversity of soil. Grasses and forage plants are dependent for profitable growth on soil, climate, and fertilizers. These last can be commanded by purchase anywhere. But soil and climate are uncontrollable. Although Mr. Platt states that but little attention has been paid to grasses by the Agricultural Department and by agriculturists generally (a statement which needs some further qualification), he seems aware that grasses, as well as fruits, are limited in their range by climate, those which grow in the colder and more moist Northern Atlantic States being impossible to the Southern States or to the great interior plains, though they may flourish again on the upper Pacific Coast. From this fact it follows that grasses which might flourish on a single Government farm could not, on that account, be recommended for cultivation in a region where the climatic conditions materially differ from those around the experiment station. Observations on the growth of grass and forage near Washington, for example, are well-nigh worthless to the farmer in Vermont, Michigan, Wisconsin, Texas, or Georgia. At the present moment our Southern States are making strenuous exertions to establish general farming in place of a too exclusive cotton, rice, and sugar culture. They may be thought to be in more pressing need of help in the matter of grasses and forage than is the extreme West; but experiments conducted in New England or on the Western plains would be of but the least service to the young dairy and beef interest those States are endeavoring to foster. These reflections repeat themselves almost word for word when we substitute the consideration of soil for that of climate. No one farm is likely to embrace a great variety of soils. The most that could be affirmed as the result of experiments conducted on clay land, for example, would be that a particular grass or fodder succeeded well or poorly on clay under the peculiar climatic conditions prevailing in the region, though the plant might reverse its behavior either in a different soil or in the same soil with a different degree of moisture or of heat.

We agree with Mr. Platt in his main purpose, but we think he overlooks difficulties that would occur to the scientific investigator and the practical farmer. The establishment of a large and expensive farm by the Government might be advocated and undertaken with gratifying éclat, but the money can be better expended. We speak for no institution, nor by reason of suggestion from any. Mr. Platt confesses that his attention was first called to this subject by the activity displayed in this department of research by one of our State agricultural experiment stations. It is surprising that he did not see how these State institutions,

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widely scattered over the country, and equipped by men of a high order of scientific attainment, zealously prosecuting investigations in all directions, could be made available in coöperation with the department at Washington for a much wider inquiry into grasses and forage plants than would be possible to a single Government farm, or to several. These institutions were either called into being by the patronage of the central Government or have been endowed by the public treasury. They are fitted with appliances, and are accustomed to work with economy. A corps of professors and experts in Connecticut, Michigan, Missouri, Vermont, Georgia, or Texas, works under conditions of climate which apply to the surrounding country. Its experiments on grasses would have an immediate value for that region in which it operates. Such a corps can always, without purchase, command all varieties of soil on neighboring farms, and would find intelligent farmers willing to carry out each one an experiment on a crop under the direction of an expert. The labor and cost of visitation by the investigator would be slight, and most farmers would require but small assistance in money. If our Government is to expend a hundred thousand dollars per year, or a half or a quarter of that sum, let it appropriate for the next ten or twenty years a few hundred dollars annually to each of several judiciously selected experiment stations, for the specific purpose of aiding the Government to obtain the information needed. We do not want a Government farm in the far West, or in the East, or in the South. We need coöperation of the central Bureau with the State institutions, thus securing encouragement to these in conducting investigations which they have already begun, and would be glad to prosecute. The State stations would then stand, as they ought, in intimate relation with the Agricultural Department at Washington, collecting facts for classification and generalization, very much as the signal stations stand related to the Weather Bureau, except that the bond would be voluntary and unofficial. We hope Senator Platt may be induced to revise his plan so as to bring it into accord with economy and efficiency.

A CRANKY VIEW OF COPYRIGHT.

THERE is a fine specimen of confused thinking in an article against copyright in the last number of the *Christian Union* by the Rev. James M. Whiton. Here is one of the tidbits:

"Plainly, there is a fallacy in calling a poem or a novel property in the same sense that a house is property. The house belongs to the builder because he built it. That reason is valid, for all time, to the builder and his heirs or assigns. The novel does not belong to the author for any such reason, otherwise there could be no limitation of his right. It belongs to him for a time, because the State has invested him with a limited ownership as a reward for the service which he performs for the general benefit. When the term of years has expired, his work becomes public property. It is no stealing to appropriate it then, though he or his heirs are living still. But how that which is not stealing, when outside of the time-limit of the copyright, can be stealing when outside of the space-limit, has not yet been made to appear. We object to this being taken for granted, especially with the invidious assumption of a superior morality in receiving it as an article of faith. We 'have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly,' and simply wish the right and the wrong to be made more clear."

Mr. Whiton's trouble here arises out of his failure to define, even in his own mind, the terms he uses—a failure not uncommon with disputants of his school. He employs the term "belongs" in two senses, as indicating both moral right and legal possession, and shifts from one to the other as best suits his convenience. For instance, "the house belongs to the builder *because* he built it," not because the law protects him in its possession; but "the novel does not belong to the author," *because* the State only protects him in the enjoyment of it for a limited period. If the first rule be the true one, and a thing belongs, as a matter of moral right, to the maker of it, of course the novel belongs to the author simply because he wrote it. If, on the other hand, the latter rule be the true one, and nothing belongs to a man except what the law protects him in the enjoyment of, his house would cease to belong to him whenever the police failed or refused to expel intruders from it. In fact, if I should construct a house in the Indian Territory, or any other wilderness where there was no law, I should have no more "right" to it than the first comer, and less right than any man who could oust me. That a man does not own a thing "because" the State does not protect his ownership, or only protects it for a limited period, or only imperfectly, is a funny non-sequitur to emanate from a professional moralist.

The true way to approach the copyright question is to base one's reasoning on the rule of morals and common sense, that all work of a man's hands or head belongs to him, of natural right, unless his ownership is modified by some sort of preliminary contract, as in the case of work done for hire. Having laid this down, we can proceed to consider the other and totally different question of expediency, to what extent, and by what means, and under what conditions the law should protect any kind of property. It protects landed and personal property, for instance, in different ways, and some kinds of property, as dogs, for instance, it refuses under certain circumstances to protect at all. The spectacle of one man making money out of the sale of a thing which another man has created, without compensation to the owner, ought to suggest to every moralist who witnesses it that there is a hideous defect in the law which should be promptly remedied, and this, we are bound to say, for the honor of human nature, is the usual effect of such a spectacle. But what it suggests to Mr. Whiton is, oddly enough, that the maker of the article does not own it, or the other would not be selling it. So that if he got to a city where the police was bad, or the courts inefficient, or in which he saw robbers taking people's watches in the street with impunity, he would conclude, by parity of reasoning, that the people robbed had probably no claim to the watches themselves. "If they really owned them," he would say, "why should the robbers take them away from them?"

It was, down to the middle of the last century, the custom in Cornwall to seize and carry off *everything* which came ashore in wrecks, including the personal belongings of the crew. The good faith in which the people maintained this custom is illustrated by the well-known story of the Cornish vicar who, when the news of a ship ashore reached the church during the service on Sunday, called out to the congregation to wait till he got down from the pulpit and took off his gown, so that all might start fair. If Mr. Whiton had passed by on such an occasion, he would exclaim: "How odd that the things in that wrecked ship do not belong to the crew or the owners," and if asked how he knew they did not belong to them, would doubtless answer that if they did the Sheriff would be on hand to protect them.

Probably on no subject except currency has there been as much curious mental aberration as on copyright. One has only to go back to the reports of bygone currency discussions to find notions about the nature and use of money which, in later and quieter times, read like the ravings of lunatics or the chatter of children. The experience of the world with the copyright is somewhat similar. It is a new and very unfamiliar kind of property, which is dissociated from possession in a way that seems very strange and unmanageable to a world which is only just getting accustomed to large masses of personalty represented simply by bits of paper. Consequently, when the question of providing proper protection for it comes up, one has to tussle at the outset with a host of cranky, old-fashioned people, who think that whatever is easy to steal must surely be, like objects *ferœ naturæ*, the common inheritance of the human race.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, February 27, 1888.

THE Government has now met Parliament, and it is possible to form some judgment on the strength of parties in the House of Commons and in the country. A well-known dissentient Liberal, who was absent from England during the recess, has published his impression that the cause of home rule has not advanced. It may well be that, before the opening of the session, even an impartial eye might have failed to detect any movement in the tide. The effect of the bye elections in the spring and summer of last year had had time to subside. The Conservative majority at Winchester was increased. It would be idle to deny all effect to the desperate energy displayed by the Liberal-Unionist leaders. They have been fighting for their lives, with the deep sea of political extinction behind them, and before them the hope of largely influencing the policy and ruling in the councils of their new allies. Again, the policy of repression in Ireland, theoretically declared by the Prime Minister two years ago, and now carried out by a minister to whom the defiance of hostile criticism is not an uncongenial attitude, while it has lost and not gained adherents, has yet put heart into the Tory party. If, in exchange for the name of power, they must surrender

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many conservative principles, it is some consolation for a party which is often taunted with being much bolder in theory than in practice, to figure for once as the upholders of a firm and unflinching policy.

But the final decision of the country cometh not by observation, and few supporters of the Government outside of a newspaper would deny that whatever the future vicissitudes of the question may be, the events of the past fortnight have been discouraging to their prospects, and that at the close of the debate on the Address the position of the Home-Rulers stands considerably improved. This result was at first helped by a group of bye elections, though the elation of some of Mr. Gladstone's followers has received a smart check by the defeat at Doncaster. The significance of bye elections is apt to be exaggerated. Still, at a critical period, when the public mind is extremely sensitive, a run of success, if it were unbroken, might have a widespread general influence. The news of the Southwark election, with a quite unexpected majority, came to the House when Mr. Goschen was replying with effort to a speech of Mr. Gladstone's which had made a profound impression. The dramatic effect of the scene will not be forgotten, and it obviously disconcerted the most able and most confident champion of the Treasury Bench. But in the debate itself the preponderance of advantage was with the Opposition to a degree not often witnessed in these days, when the platform and the press so largely anticipate and discount the effect of Parliamentary discussion.

In the debate on Mr. Parnell's amendment, the issues involved in the present policy of the Government became more clearly defined. The Opposition have all along maintained that the Crimes Act was a weapon forged not against crime but against legitimate combination. It was now argued that the truth of this contention had been proved by experience, although the attempts to put down combination had not been successful; that the injustice and ruin still inflicted on tenants on great estates like Lord Clanricarde's afforded conclusive justification for legal organizations, such as the National League, and even supplied excuses for illegal combinations, such as the Plan of Campaign. The Government made no serious attempt to connect the National League with any criminal object or the perpetration of crime. They did not succeed in showing that they had achieved any result commensurate with a violent infringement of political rights. The population of Ireland are irritated by what they conceive to be the persecution of members of Parliament and other respectable men, petty in character, but necessarily accompanied by many circumstances of individual cruelty and indignity—not to speak of such events as the bloodshed at Mitchelstown. Yet the Government failed to show that they had advanced a step on the road to producing contentment and peace in Ireland.

An important feature of the discussion was the calm and temperate declaration made by Mr. Gladstone on behalf of the Liberal party. He not only disclaimed all sympathy with obstruction, but welcomed the proposed legislation of the Government, which chiefly consists in the Local-Government Bill for England. On behalf of the Irish party, and from the Irish point of view, Mr. Parnell's statements on the same subject were not less emphatic, and even in Mr. O'Brien's remarkable and impassioned speech there was no discordant note. The Coercion Bill gave the Nationalist members a more than plausible excuse for a different attitude last session; the Government programme of last year offered little opportunity for a welcome to useful legislation; and, lastly, in Mr. Gladstone's necessary absence, the Liberals were without leadership at the commencement of the session. Yet many Liberal members would have rejoiced if the present attitude of the Opposition had been more clearly and firmly taken up from the first. The announcement was received with little graciousness, or rather with marked uneasiness, by the more combatant occupants of the Treasury bench, who well know that the best card in their hand is to fix upon the Opposition the stigma of disorder, whether inside or outside the walls of Parliament. The street disturbances in London, unfortunately no new thing, and fortunately not of a serious character, are drawn in to reinforce the doctrine that Mr. Gladstone is preaching a gospel of anarchy and social danger. On the other hand, there is some reason to believe that the metropolitan electors consider that the present Irish policy has infected the London police with the habit of using their batons very freely and indiscriminately. In many quarters it is almost grotesque to observe the readiness to attribute any breach of order or of law to the inspiration of the Liberal leader. The poor Scottish crofters, whose disturbances began six years ago, are spoken of as if they were the dupes of the new home-rule policy.

Again, the Tories taunt the English Home-Rulers with their sentimental policy. They mock at the "union of hearts" for which Liberals profess to strive. But, in truth, the ultimate appeal is made both on one side and on the other to the more generous feelings of the mass of the electors. These feelings are, when roused, a great motive power. Just as the gallery of an humble theatre is intensely moved by the spectacle of injured virtue or triumphant villany, even when presented with little refinement and little art, so in a great national question the so-called sentiment of the multitude will count for something. The Home-Rulers say, the Irish have been, and still are, misgoverned and ill-used. Let them mind their own affairs. But the Unionists also say, these self-styled Nationalists are bad citizens and bad men, the friends of criminals, if not criminals themselves, and they conspire against the dignity of your Parliament. Will you hand over to such men the government of Ireland? Thus both sides appeal to the better feelings, to the moral sympathies, of the masses. As the discussion proceeds, these considerations acquire more decisive importance. As an argument against home rule the danger of separation sinks by comparison into the shade. The difficulty of the Ulster minority appeals to the reason and the feelings of certain men and classes of men, but its influence is local and partial. On the other hand, the character, the motive, the conduct of the home-rule movement and those who promote and guide it, are questions which go home to the minds and consciences of all the electors.

On this issue, as the facts come more and more into the daylight, the Unionist party are not gaining ground. The agrarian crime which has blazed or smouldered in Ireland for at least a century and a half, is doubtless connected, and most closely and significantly connected, with Irish discontent; but the Government has wholly failed to connect it with the operations of the National party. Indeed, a very strong case has been made for the contention that the National League had done more than any other agency to check agrarian crime. In this matter it is sometimes hard to believe that the denunciations of the Government are entirely sincere. They do not deny, indeed they insist on, the representative character of the Nationalist members in relation to the Nationalist movement. Their organs in the press have not scrupled to allege that the leading members of the party are steeped in associations with crime. But, as the Nationalist members become better known, the charge sounds hollow and absurd. Lately depreciated and ostracised in Parliament, it is now the fashion almost to exaggerate the great ability which not a few of them display. But, at all events, it is difficult to doubt their sincerity, or that as a body they are endowed with as much public spirit as any equal number of members. Treated as Ishmaelites even in the Parliament of 1880, they had, indeed, too much acquired the habit of open disrespect for the dignity, usages, and convenience of Parliament. But the Irish party belong to a sensitive race, equally quick to respond to kindness or affront. They feel the cordiality with which they are welcomed as the allies of the Liberal party. As the struggle develops, they are beginning to realize the magnitude of the sacrifice which the Liberal party and individual Liberals made in the cause of justice to Ireland. They themselves are beginning to be known, welcomed, and understood on English and Scottish platforms. Accordingly, the imputation that the Nationalist cause is tainted with criminality is beginning to lose its sting.

As to the orderly conduct of the business of Parliament, the new rule for stoppage at midnight, which was passed on Friday with so much unanimity, obviously affords facilities for obstruction. But in the same proportion that it does so, obstruction will be more keenly resented. There is no doubt that the declaration of the Irish leader on this point, if it is consistently adhered to by his followers, will remove a rock of offence which stood in the way of the cause of home rule. C. D.

TURGENEFF AND THE NIHILISTS.

PARIS, February 24, 1888.

THE person and the works of Ivan Turgeneff are so interesting that I was tempted to read two books recently published—the first, under the title of 'Souvenirs sur Tourguéneff,' the other entitled 'Tourguéneff Inconnu'; titles, it must be said, which were full of promises. The author of the 'Souvenirs' is Isaac Pavlovsky; the author of 'Tourguéneff Inconnu' is Michel Delines, who has translated several of Tolstoi's works, and published books on Russia. Everything must be taken with grains of allowance in these two books, and it is almost impossible to say what is true in them and what is not. The work of Michel Delines seems to have been written chiefly in order to contradict the work of Pavlovsky, and to show him to be entirely unreliable. Though Pavlovsky only appears in it as X——, he is easily recognized. He is represented as a Russian who arrived in Paris with a friend Y——; both gave themselves out as persecuted Nihilists. Turgeneff saw in them victims of the censorship, and of the Draconian laws regarding the press of his own country. He made a protégé of X——, helped him to find his way into the French press, to make translations, lent him money. X—— was of an ungrateful nature, and, when Turgeneff found him out, he uttered this prophecy (if we are to believe Delines): "I was mistaken in this young man, but I can now tell you exactly what his future career will be. Remember what I say: this man will become one of Katkoff's contributors; he will abandon the Nihilists and will cover them with mud; he will publish Souvenirs on me after my death, and represent himself as my intimate friend." He is even said to have added: "Wait, I have not done. This man will not die a natural

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death—he will be killed by a woman." Well, Pavlovsky (who is evidently X——) has left the Nihilists; he has not written for Katkoff's paper, but in a paper of the same color. Delines seems to wait impatiently for the accomplishment of the end of the prophecy.

There is only one thing to be remembered in this: it is the great generosity of Ivan Turgeneff. He knew very well that among the Russian exiles in Paris there were many bad and suspicious characters; he pitied their vices as much as their misery, and could not shut his hand to them. Individual charity can hardly ever be blamed; it is perhaps not so easy to excuse Turgeneff when he helped journals of a Nihilistic tinge. He did it as a Liberal, not as a Nihilist, as a sort of protest against the enslavement of the press in Russia; but it cannot be wondered at if this support has been misrepresented. A few days after his death, Lavroff, a well-known Russian revolutionist, published in a French paper the following letter:

"Sir, you will oblige me by publishing in your paper [*La Justice*], always in sympathy with the emancipation movement in Russia, a few lines which I have the pleasure to send you. Turgeneff once dead, I have no longer any reason for concealment, and I feel it a duty to make public a fact which, till now, was only known to me and to a small number of persons. When I transferred, in 1874, the editorship of the socialistic and revolutionary review *En Avant* from Zurich to London, Turgeneff proposed to me, on his own initiative, to help me in the publication of this review. During the three following years, during all the time I was the editor, he sent annually 500 francs to the cashier of the review."

This letter made a great sensation in Russia, and in all the countries where Turgeneff had readers. Katkoff reproduced it with shouts of triumph; he had always denounced the tendencies of Turgeneff's novels, and represented him as a secret enemy of the orthodox faith, of the autocratic power, as an adversary of Panslavism. The municipality of St. Petersburg was not allowed to pay the expenses of the ceremony which took place on the arrival of Turgeneff's remains. The great novelist was denounced as a Nihilist.

He was, indeed, the propagator of that name, now so universally employed, though so difficult of definition. The word was uesd in the famous novel 'Fathers and Sons,' which first appeared in 1861. It was considered then a most severe criticism of the state of mind which is called Nihilism. The Russian youth of the universities recognized their own aspirations in Bazaroff, and denounced the type as a caricature and a calumny. Turgeneff was branded as an enemy of progress; he received congratulations from the orthodox and reactionary camp, and these congratulations annoyed him as much as the criticisms of the advanced party. He thought it necessary to defend himself, and the author of the 'Souvenirs' cites a curious letter written by Turgeneff from Paris, on April 26, 1860, to the Russian students at Heidelberg. In this letter he explains his Bazaroff, who towers above all the other personages of the novel:

"I wished to make him a tragical character. He is honest, sincere, and a democrat to his finger-tips. And you find that I have given no good sides to him! 'Force and Matter' [a materialistic work of Büchner's, much read in the Russian universities] is for him a mere work of vulgarization, a work without value. . . . All my novel is directed against the nobility as a privileged class. Look well at the figures of Nicholas Petrovitch, Paul Petrovitch, Arcadii; they all mean weakness, laziness, narrowness. And the æsthetic sense made me choose good representatives of the nobility so as to prove my point the better. If the cream is bad, what must the milk be? To put on the scene officials, generals, thieves, would be coarse and false. All the Nihilists whom I have known (Bielinsky, Bakunin, Hertzen, Dobroliuboff, etc.) were descended from good and honest parents. This fact has great significance. . . . If the reader does not like Bazaroff, with all his coarseness, all his hardness, his dryness, his want of pity, the fault is mine, and I have not accomplished my object. . . . I dreamt of a dark figure, savage, great, only half emerged from barbarism, strong, wicked, and honest, and nevertheless condemned to perish as it always is on the threshold of the future. . . . At the present moment, two men only have completely understood my intentions—Dostoyevsky and Botkin."

This curious letter gives us an insight into the conscience of Turgeneff; he wished to encourage the Russian youth, but not to deceive them. He was a Liberal, not a Revolutionary. He was, above all, an artist; he had the rare and strange power which consists in creating living types. He has told us more about Russia than any other man, not excepting Tolstoi. When he was accused in 1879 of connivance with the Russian Nihilists, he wrote to M. Stassutevitch, editor of the *Messager d'Europe*, a sort of profession of faith, which is cited in 'Tourguéneff Inconnu':

"While," he says, "the editor of the Moscow *Journal* imputes to me ignoble and even almost criminal intentions, he accuses me also of kneeling before a certain portion of our youth, and of courting their sympathy by every means. This attitude, if it really existed, would tend to prove that I renounce my own ideas and adorn myself with the ideas of others. Without wishing to vaunt myself, I have the right to affirm that the ideas which I have expressed, either through the press or orally, have not been modified during the last forty years. In the eyes of our youth I have always been considered as a man of gradation, a Liberal of the old school in the English sense, a man who expects the reforms from above, an enemy by principle of revolution."

Turgeneff is here perfectly sincere; he was a man of gradation, as he says, not a revolutionist. It is not to be wondered at if he offended in turn the sentiments of the Russian aristocracy and of the Russian court, and the feelings of the Russian advanced schools. He described what he saw, and presented to Russia a faithful mirror of her own miseries and faults. How did he become a Liberal, in the most noble sense of the word? He had become so, as a child, in his father's and mother's house. The most interesting part of the two books which I have before me is an account of Turgeneff's family in 'Tourguéneff Inconnu.' His mother was the most curious type of the Russian *grande dame;* she belonged to the family of the Lutovinoffs, very powerful and wealthy lords, who owned a great number of peasants. She had been educated in the house of her stepfather, who tried to seduce her. When she was seventeen years old, she ran away, and found a refuge at the house of her uncle, Ivan Lutovinoff. She inherited his immense fortune at the age of thirty, and married Turgeneff's father, a man of exceptional beauty, who led the dissipated life of the boyards. She became a widow, while she was still young, with two boys, Nicholas and Ivan. She was a severe mother and a severe master. At her house at Spasskoë she lived like a tyrant of the feudal ages. When Ivan Turgeneff went to Berlin to finish his studies, he was accompanied by the family doctor (who was one of his mother's serfs). Young Ivan became his doctor's friend, and did all he could to persuade his mother to allow him his freedom. The mother would never consent to it. Did she not treat him well? was he not allowed at the servants' table to eat what came from the master's table? All Ivan's entreaties were vain. 'Mumu,' one of the most touching of Turgeneff's stories, was inspired by the scenes which he had witnessed in his mother's house. She was the very type of a slaveholder—could not conceive that her rights could be disputed; and there is no exaggeration in saying that she prepared her son unconsciously for the great work of emancipation. For Turgeneff was essentially of a tender, sweet, and sympathetic nature; there was in his heart a fountain of pity for all human suffering, even for those sufferings which are caused by vice. Without knowing anything of the Darwinian theories, he was a sort of Darwinian, and believed in the terrible laws of heredity and fatality. His curiosity was almost morbid, and once brought him to the foot of the French scaffold; but this curiosity was not a mere stimulant of his genius—he really suffered at the sight of pain, of deformity, of moral or physical misery. One of his own stories is called 'The Despairer'; he liked those despairers, victims of their own time, victims of their own nature, half innocent and half criminal, living examples of the frailty of humanity.

Those who read the two volumes I have mentioned, I would recommend to distrust many things which have been inspired by spite, envy, and even hatred; to be very careful in the choice of what may be believed and what must be disbelieved. As for myself, who had the good fortune to know Turgeneff, I had not much difficulty in weeding out many pages, as I had only to remember that Turgeneff was essentially what is called a gentleman.

Correspondence.

PHILOLOGICAL MARE'S NESTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: By daring assertions, easily enough set aside by the better informed, dabblers in English philology, or ninety-and-nine out of every hundred that discourse on it, persist, in this scientific age of ours, precisely as of old, in contributing to amplify the stock of popular errors. From the legion of their illusions I select, at present, a mere brace, with a view to their thorough exposure and explosion. A larger number, if dwelt on as fully as I shall dwell on these, would necessitate, it may be feared, an excess of the aridity endurable in a single letter. Some further samples of the same ample brood of chimeras I purpose to examine more briefly on other occasions.

As if there could be no question about the matter, a learned Latinist, the late Professor Charles Short, would have us believe that the word *duration* "was coined in the last century" (*American Journal of Philology*, vol. v, p. 420, 1884).

Immediately on reading this precipitate statement of my old friend and college-mate, there occurred to me several passages in Sir Thomas Browne, who employs *duration* quite as freely as any writer of our own age. One of these passages, if only for its exquisite rhythm, deserves to be transcribed at length:

"But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men, without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives, that burnt the Temple of Diana; he is almost lost, that built it. Time hath spared the Epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names; since bad have equal *durations;* and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon."—*Hydriotaphia and Garden of Cyrus*, p. 27 (ed. 1658).

This looked out, on consulting my notes, and turning over a few books, I soon traced the

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word in Abp. Ussher (1624), Dr. George Hakewill (1627), Henry Earl of Monmouth (1637), Dr. William Bray (1641), Rev. John Brinsley (1645), Henry Lawrence (1646), James Howell (1651), Rev. Robert Bailie (1653), the translation of Scudery's *Curia Politiae* (1654), the translation of Thomas White's *Peripateticall Institutions* (1656), Bp. Gauden (1659), Bp. Wilkins (1668), Rev. Obadiah Walker (1673 and 1692), Dr. Richard Burthogge (1674), Rev. Theophilus Gale (1677), Guy Miege (1687), Dryden (1692), Lord Preston (1695), Rev. John Serjeant (1697), Rev. Jeremy Collier (1697), Dean Swift (1697), etc. In Dr. Henry More I have counted up twenty-four instances of it, and some thirty in Dr. Isaac Barrow.

Dr. Johnson, with all his successors, Dr. Richardson excepted, simply names Locke as the earliest authority for *duration;* and Locke lived till 1704. A quotation evidencing its use by him in 1690 is given, however, by Dr. Richardson, with another from Sir Matthew Hale (before 1676), and one of the fifteenth century from Chaucer. To the passage which he extracts from Chaucer's *Knightes Tale* he might have appended one from the same poet's *House of Fame*, near the end.

Besides consulting Dr. Johnson, probably Professor Short thought it sufficient to explore the concordances to Shakespeare and the Bible, as warrant for the decision which he arrived at so unhesitatingly. A similarly otiose procedure on the part of any one having to do with a word in the classical languages, he would doubtless have held to be unscholarlike in the extreme. But it was only our mother-tongue, poor thing, that, when he despatched *duration*, he was deigning, for once in a way, to concern himself with; and, in default of a little research, and even of a moderate acquaintance with our literature, he seems to have considered intuition as competent to authorize him in passing a categorical judgment. Thus much for *duration*.

I now advert to the word *mostly*, an adverb parallel to *nearly* and *firstly*, for example, in having been preceded by a shorter form which was itself an adverb. If some one discovers that it was once flouted as a tasteless and unnecessary innovation, such as *muchly* is in our eyes, small should be the wonder. It "had not yet arisen," peremptorily pronounces Mr. T. L. Kington Oliphant, commenting on *most*, bearing the same sense, used in a work which "must have been written about 1730 or earlier." (*The New English*, 1886, vol. ii., pp. 159, 161.)

To reach this remarkable conclusion, Mr. Oliphant can have done no more than supplement very superficial reading by a mere glance at the lazy doings of certain lexicographers. For, though Dr. Richardson cites only Hume for *mostly*, Dr. Johnson cites Bacon for it, but without giving due particulars. A friend has pointed out to me that his citation is from the *Advertisement touching an Holy War* (1622). See Bacon's *Works* (ed. Spedding and others) vol. vii., p. 30. Bailey inserted *mostly* in his Dictionary in 1730, if not before.

Already, I apprehend, the reader may be disposed to doubt which has the upper hand, as furnishing a title to discredit—the self-confidence of Mr. Oliphant, or his shallowness. As he has exhibited some of his salient peculiarities in connexion with the point under notice, so he has exhibited them, and quite as flagrantly, in cases which it would overtask patience barely to catalogue.

Only within a short time have I searched to ascertain how far *mostly* was accepted in the seventeenth century. Of its prior existence I know nothing; but, as the outcome of a desultory quest, I speedily satisfied myself that, let alone 1730, not even in 1630 can it have excited much surprise as a novelty. I had somewhat expected to come on the word in that intrepid verbarian, Joshua Sylvester; and my failure to do so may have been owing to the fact that my special excursion in his cataclysm of somniferous poetastry was not a more protracted one. Why it is that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps assigns a niche to *mostly* in his *Dictionary of Archaisms and Provincialisms*, and speaks of it as belonging to "various dialects," must be left to conjecture. Quotations for it which I have collected from older authors are subjoined:

"Our Cities and suburbes are, *mostly*, seized in Lay fee."—Dr. William Sclater (1621), *The Quæstion of Tythes Revised* (1623), p. 192; also at pp. 168, 217.

"Our Religion is, *mostly*, talke and discourse."—*Id.* (1626), *Expos. II. Thess.* (1629), p. 42; also at pp. 103, 153, 157.

"*Mostly*, we account those things neither good, rational, nor commodious, which," &c.—J. Pettus (1657), in *Loveday's Letters* (ed. 1663), A 3 *v.*

"The first Principle, which he, *mostly*, calleth the Monad, otherwhere he calls the Father."—Dr. Richard Burthogge (1674), *Causa Dei* (1675), p. 245.

"The Meazels is a Disease incident, *mostly*, to Children."—Guy Miege, *French Dictionary*, Second Part (1687), under *mostly*.

"In the Annotations, also, I have, *mostly*, followed them."—Lord Preston, Translation of *Boetius's Consolations of Philosophy* (1695), p. xii; also at p. 230.

"The Confusion of Ideas . . . springs, *mostly*, from the Reasons assign'd by himself."—Rev. John Serjeant, *Solid Philosophy Asserted* (1697), p. 275; also at p. 454.

"Pleasure consists, *mostly*, in Fancy."—Rev. Jeremy Collier (1697), *Essays* (1703), Part I., p. 72; also at p. 122.

"Your Converse, I conceive, would be, *mostly*, with the Latter."—*Id.*, Translation of *Marcus Antoninus's Conversation with Himself* (1701), p. 86.

"A Troop of Servants *mostly* arm'd."—Edward Ward, *Hudibras Redivivus* (1705–7), vol. I., Canto xiii.

Obsolete equivalents of *mostly* are seen in *mostwhat* and *most an end*, both of them long very common, and the latter of them not yet dropped in vulgar speech; in *most deal;* in *for most part;* and also in *almost*. The last was very current till about 1600. Five and twenty quotations for it, of the era of Queen Elizabeth, are at my elbow: six from one small volume.

Among the living dialectal synonyms of *mostly* are *mostlins*, *mostlings*, *mooastlins*, *meeastlins*, *meeastwise*, *most in general*, *most in deal*, and *most part*, to which may be added the North British *maistlins*.

Hitherto I have been occupied with *mostly* in the sense of *most* under its extensive aspect, or "for the most part"; a phrase, in passing, of venerable antiquity. But I have still to speak of *mostly* as importing "almost," "very nearly," "well nigh," "all but." It seems to have wholly escaped the attention of philologists; and it is seldom met with, I suspect, in authors of any period. The only old book in which I have observed it, a book which could attract none but the veriest Dryasdust, is by the same singultous saint whom I have first adduced for the *mostly* now classical. The ensuing passages are taken from it:

"We sit, *mostly* all, under our owne vine and figtree." "But how have wee, *mostly* all, given occasion to have Mercuries statue our fittest Embleme?" "So is their speech gracious, *mostly* alwayes."—Dr. William Sclater (1626), *Expos. II. Thess.* (1629), pp. 261, 263, 285.

Speaking for his fellow-countrymen in 1545, Nicolas Udall remarks:

"No man of our tyme, and in our Englishe toungue (which none but our selfes, for our owne use, do much passe on), wryteth so ornately, but that he hath, in soondrie woordes & phrases, some smatche of his native countrey phrases that he was borne in."—Translation of *Erasmus's Paraphrase* (1548), *Luke*, 6 *r.*

And so it continued to be, very generally, long after Udall's time, and notably as respected the learned Dr. Henry More, who was flourishing a hundred and forty years later. As to Sclater, who wrote in Somersetshire, if he was not born there, whether his *mostly*, in its rarer signification, was a rusticism which he adopted from his humbler neighbors, future inquiry possibly may determine.

The *mostly* here considered I have frequently heard in conversation; and, moreover, I have had before me, upwards of a score of times, manuscript evidence of its being equally prevalent in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland. As I have already said, it is not, however, often seen in print. Yet a leading article in the London *Daily News* of Dec. 22, 1886, has, at p. 5: "*Mostly* all were small meat-eaters." Again, Dr. Murray, in his incomparable Dictionary, gives "*mostly* all" as the leading definition of the disused *almost*, "for the most part."

And here, not unfitly, I may quote De Foe and Sterne, as having, with, presumably, many another, at least seemed to intend, by *mostly*, *most* taken intensively, that is to say, "more than all else," "in the greatest degree":

"I told him, with freedom, I feared *mostly* their treachery and ill-usage of me, if I put my life in their hands."—*Robinson Crusoe* (1719), vol. i., p. 121 (ed. 1781).

"My father had scarce read the letter, when, taking the thing by the right end, he instantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out *mostly* to the honour of his family."—*Tristram Shandy*, vol. iv., ch. xxxi. (1761).

Touching *most*, "almost," no proof that it is other than a modernism is known to me. That it is shortened from *mostly* is very unlikely. Pretty certainly, as Dr. Murray rules, we have, in it, an aphetization of *almost*, through *a'most;* and it must have originated among the ignorant, to whom it has, all along, been ordinarily confined. But Mr. Goold Brown, Mr. J. R. Bartlett, and Prof. Schele de Vere, with others, are wrong in thinking it an Americanism. One hears it, I suppose, as much on this side of the Atlantic as on the other. Mr. Brown quotes, for it, a book in which it is used seriously. This is not the case with it in the Rev. James Pycroft's *Agony Point* (1862), pp. 300, 354. To the north of the Tweed, one may infer, it is not reputed objectionable; for we find "*most* any verse" at p. 109 of the second edition of *English Composition* (1879), by "John Nichol, M. A. Balliol, Oxon., LL.D., Professor of [the] English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow." In this undoctorly doctor's school-days, deviation into bad English can hardly have been accounted an irregularity calling to be treated with administration of birch.

Though I am not here handling the respectable uses of *most*, I give a quotation in which, denoting "in the greatest degree," it is so qualified that the result is to produce a strikingly anomalous combination:

"Whan tidynges herof came to Cirtha, such as defended the towne were moch abasshed, but Adherball *all most* of all."—Alexander Barclay, translation of *Sallust* (Pynson's 1st ed., *c.* 1520), fol. 22.

This *all most* can by no possibility represent the old *allermost* or *aldermost*.

Very singular, too, is the locution to signify "for the most part," exemplified below by Nicolas Udall:

"The daye, also, beeyng nothyng fitte for the purpose of dooyng suche a thyng, was not *all of the moste* to their contentacion, aswell

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for the high solemnitee of the feaste self, as also for the great resorte of people to thesame feaste." Translation of *Erasmus's Paraphrase, Luke* (1545), 168 *v.* (ed. 1548).

Your obedient servant,

F. HALL.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, January 20, 1888.

VON HOLST ON AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The last number (January) of Von Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift* contains an article by Dr. von Holst on the Constitutional Law of the United States in the light of English parliamentarism. Although this writer has made our history and constitutional development his peculiar study, and his works are regarded as authoritative, some of the views expressed in his article show how difficult it is for any foreigner to understand perfectly the institutions under which we live. Thus, in speaking of the Senate, he says that Senators rather than members of the lower house are regarded by the masses of the people as their genuine representatives. Another similar remark is, that everybody always knows who the Senators from his State are. How many New Yorkers knew that Miller was one of their Senators, or that Platt was one, before the "me too" incident? How many Jerseymen can tell off-hand the names of the present Senators from that State? How many Pennsylvanians can name both of their Senators?

Dr. von Holst argues, at considerable length, that the President has no share whatever in the legislative power, and that the veto gives him but a negative influence. How can that be called a negative influence which wields sixteen per cent. of the entire vote of Congress? A measure passed by fifty votes out of every ninety-nine in both houses goes to the President for his approval, and, if approved, becomes the law of the land; but if he returns it vetoed, it is null unless passed by sixty-six votes out of every ninety-nine. In the Fiftieth Congress, numbering in both houses 401 members, the actual difference between a majority and a two-thirds vote is exactly sixty-six, so that the veto power requires sixty-six votes to overcome it. These sixty-six votes of the President are like the sword of Brennus, and weigh heavy in the scale—almost as heavy as the prohibitive veto of the English Crown, which, however, has not been exercised since 1707.

Aside from that, however, it seems like taking a very literal view of things to say that because the President and his Cabinet do not sit in Congress, and do not actually introduce bills, they can do nothing but await passively the action of Congress. In the first place, they always can and frequently have caused members of Congress to introduce bills; secondly, any President who has decided views concerning legislation can have them put into effect by a public appeal to Congress as a body. Of this a conspicuous instance, which goes far to upset the Professor's theory, is the present Tariff Bill, which may be regarded as the direct outcome of Mr. Cleveland's recent message.

Our Constitution, like that of any other progressive country, is in a state of flux, and what is true of it to-day may not be true to-morrow. Dr. von Holst predicts very confidently that the Senate will never be shorn of its power as the House of Lords has been. The fate which has overtaken the Electoral College should have served as a warning to make him more cautious. The Electoral College, it is well known, was designed as an autonomic body acting on its discretion, but it has degenerated not even into a body of delegates, but into a body of messengers with absolutely nothing to do but to carry a message which might be better carried by the mails.

As an additional illustration of the difficulties which even the best informed foreigner has to contend with, it may be mentioned that in citing a letter of "G. B." in the *Nation* of February 24, 1887, Dr. von Holst quotes as follows: "He has to sit an idle spectator of ground (grand?) and lofty tumbling, etc.," the word in parenthesis being his emendation of the text. But perhaps this is no worse than some of the Shakspere emendations one meets with.

N. Z.

NEW YORK, March 5, 1888.

GOLDSMID'S TRANSLATION OF GROTIUS ON THE ORIGIN OF THE NATIVE RACES OF AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In 1884 there was printed in Edinburgh by Mr. Edmund Goldsmid, as one of the numbers of his *Bibliotheca Curiosa*, a translation into English by himself of the little volume entitled 'De Origine Gentium Americanarum Dissertatio,' which Grotius published in Paris, in 1642, while Swedish Ambassador at the French court. We are told in an "Introduction" that the tract first appeared in 1542, but this may be a typographical error. Of the quality of the translation, however, I will proceed to give a few examples. Grotius is made to say:

"I see that there are many who think that all those tribes were from Scythia, which we now call Great Tartary. They base their argument on this, that at Anianus [Behring's Straits, evidently, *note*]—be it a strait or a bay (for which of the two it is not clear)—there is no great space between Tartary and America. Now, if it is a gulf, the lands must be contiguous, and in that case the passage would be easy; if it is a strait, it becomes more narrow the further it is entered, and the opposite coasts, just like those of the Hellespont, or of the Bosphorus, in Thrace, forbids navigation even for merchant vessels."

A note remarks: "This passage seems either obscure or ridiculous." But the original reads at the end: "Ac proinde fauces illas, quales sunt Hellesponti, aut in Thracia Bosphori, nullo negotio navibus potuisse transmitti," of which the meaning is plain enough: "And accordingly its entrance, like that of the Hellespont or the Thracian Bosphorus, could be crossed by ships with no difficulty."

Again, we read, "Posts in Florida have been set up for the ascertainment of maximum heat," as a rendering of "Tribunalia in Florida ad experimentum altissimi æstus," *i. e.*, "Platforms made conformable to the highest tide." In another passage we are told that "From time immemorial they believed that the soul survived the body, which Lucan attributed to the tribes which he despised as Arctic"; the last clause being a version of "quos Arctos despicit," or "whom the Great Bear looks down upon." So one of Marius's soldiers is transmuted into "Marianus, the soldier," and Peter Martyr into "Peter the Martyr." But I will not trespass upon your space to point out more such blunders.

Grotius's language seems to have fared almost as hard at the hands of his translator as his arguments did at those of an acute critic, John De Laet; but we will not attempt here a summary of the discussion. It was carried on by a double exchange of broadsides in the shape of a 'Dissertatio,' etc., by Grotius, and 'Notæ ad Dissertationem,' etc., by De Laet; followed by 'Dissertatio Altera,' etc., by Grotius, and 'Responsio ad Dissertationem Secundam,' etc., by De Laet. The latter gets the better of the argument, in my judgment, and Grotius, losing his temper, quotes Catullus to abuse his adversary as "obtrectator, opaca quem bonum barba facit." Finally, he retires from the contest with this parting shot at his opponent's Latinity:

"*Latius haud Latius satis est, nec scribere cessat Latius. Ut sileas, Latius, est satius.*"

HENRY W. HAYNES.

BOSTON, March 7, 1888.

SENATOR INGALLS'S "SARCASM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having read the speech of Senator Ingalls on a pending pension bill, with editorial comments upon the power of "sarcastic invective" possessed by that eminent statesman (or which possesses *him* in the sense in which the Scriptural swine were possessed), I am reminded of a story which a friend of mine—a lawyer—tells of his first case. He was retained for the defence of a negro accused of assault and battery. At the trial, the prosecutor having told his story, the prisoner was put upon the stand, and asked to state the circumstances in his own way. He said he was sitting in his doorway in the cool of the evening, and saw the prosecutor approaching; that the prosecutor stepped upon the footway and said: "You black ——— ———," etc. (the words are left to the reader's imagination; the sense can be gathered from the speech above referred to). "Well, what did you say to that?" asked the prisoner's counsel. Drawing himself up, the witness replied with dignity: "I do not remembah my exact words, sah, but I have no doubt it was something equally sarcastic."

Yours, JOSEPH PARRISH.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7, 1888.

Notes.

CASSELL & Co. publish immediately a Life of the late Emperor of Germany, by Archibald Forbes.

Harper & Bros. announce the sixth and last volume of Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' and 'For the Right,' by Karl Emil Franzos.

The second volume of Thomas Stevens's 'Around the World on a Bicycle,' and J. H. Kennedy's 'Early Days of Mormonism,' are in the press of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Ad. F. Bandelier, of the Hemenway Southwestern Archæological Expedition, to whom is assigned the documentary historical research, and who last year copied in Mexico very valuable documents of which a large number were completely unknown, is now at work at Santa Fé, N. M., on the Archives, by courtesy so called. He has already saved the oldest papers, but has thus far found only two antedating the rebellion of 1680, viz., one of 1636 and another of 1664, which bears the signature of Diego de Peñalossa. These documents are perfect revelations as to the period when the Spaniards were in the vicinity of El Paso, and when the conspiracy of Casas Grandes was being prepared.

With the April number, *Babyhood* is to cross the water and have an English edition simultaneous with the American—a merited expansion of a most excellent periodical for mothers.

The *Youth's Companion* will publish directly the story of the late Miss Alcott's girlhood, written but a few months ago, and full of interesting reminiscences of the Concord group.

In the last number of *Nature*, Sir Joseph Hooker pays an affectionate tribute to his old

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friend Asa Gray; and Dr. Fr. Hoffmann, editor of the New York *Pharmaceutische Rundschau*, in his March issue, prints an equally appreciative biographical sketch, with a list of Dr. Gray's most important contributions to botanical literature—a product surprising in itself, but accompanied, as we know, with a vast literary activity in other directions. A fairly good "process" portrait accompanies the article.

On January 15 appeared in Berne the first number of the monthly *Le Droit d'Auteur*, organ of the International Union for the Protection of Literary and Artistical Works. It will be the main source of authentic news, statistics, and discussion relating to the objects of the Union. The subscription price of five francs, sixty centimes, may be sent to MM. Jent & Reinert, Berne.

We commend to thoughtful readers Mr. Henry Holt's paper in the March *New Englander* on "Some Practical Aspects of the Literary Life in the United States," especially as it is at present injuriously affected by the absence of an international copyright. The first portion deals in a sensible and practical way with the aspirations of young persons to become writers for the press and authors of books. The last portion narrates the rise and fall of the "courtesy of the trade," with the rise (but as yet no fall, only failures) of the "pirate." Mr. Holt's well-known views as to translations not paying and as to the decline of the book-buying habit, are here repeated. He declares that "a very small portion of even the paper and printing interest of the country would be affected by the removal from American soil of all reprinting of books copyrighted in foreign countries." We can hardly agree with Mr. Holt in explaining the contrast of the state of American letters in 1851-1876 with that of the subsequent period by the breaking down of the courtesy of the trade or "virtual international copyright."

Seldom is any issue of the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society so largely and permanently valuable as Part I. of Vol. V. We have already made mention of Prof. Franklin B. Dexter's laborious "Estimates of Population in the American colonies [up to the First Census in 1790]." It is here printed in full, with graphic charts. Prof. Dexter observes of Rhode Island, that "her share in the proceeds of the slave trade is suggested incidentally by the fact that, at the acme of her colonial prosperity, one person of every nine within her borders was either a negro or an Indian—four or five times as great a proportion, that is to say, as in her neighbors, and unequalled anywhere north of Mason and Dixon's line." The British occupation during the Revolution caused a marked loss of slaves to Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, but most of all to South Carolina, where the whites were actually left far in the ascendant. Mr. William B. Weeden's paper on the "Early African Slave Trade in New England" is another well worth preserving. It reveals Peter Faneuil's gains in the slave trade with one hand, while the other was engaged in public and private charities and in building the "Cradle of Liberty." There are two opposing papers on an episode in King Philip's War. Finally, Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis furnishes some curious particulars concerning "The First Scholarship at Harvard College," the gift of a woman, Lady Moulsham or Mowlson—a name we would suggest for bestowal on the first building erected for the "Annex."

An eminent benefactress of the present day, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, is commemorated in the *New England Magazine* for March, with a portrait.

The eleventh annual issue of Spofford's 'American Almanac, and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial, and Political,' for the year 1888, has been made by the American News Co. It is an indispensable work, though the recognition of this fact is not as general as it should be.

The twenty-fifth issue of the 'Statesman's Year-Book' (Macmillan) is also a standard work, and its superior typographical attractiveness doubtless bespeaks a more liberal patronage than Mr. Spofford's labors have earned. Equipped with both these manuals, an American citizen can dispense with a large number of books of reference relating to his own and to foreign countries.

Scribner & Welford send us samples of "Bohn's Select Library," which we find to be old favorites in a new external guise: slender duodecimos in olive-green smooth-cloth backs, neatly stamped in black and red. Thus we have Cary's 'Dante's Inferno,' Oxenford's 'Goethe's Boyhood,' Anna Swanwick's metrical version of the first part of 'Faust,' Schiller's "Mary Stuart" and "Maid of Orleans" in one binding, Lessing's 'Laokoon,' and Bacon's Essays. They make a very taking array on the shelf.

The ever-swelling "Cassell's National Library" seems to become international in the case of the 109th issue—Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd's 'Republic of the Future.' Other late numbers are Shakspere's "Lear," Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," Dickens's 'Cricket on the Hearth,' 'Anecdotes of Dr. Samuel Johnson,' and more of Plutarch's Lives.

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series of the Messrs. Putnam we have the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' with illustrations; and the same story is added to Ginn & Co.'s "Classics for Children," but abbreviated and verbally annotated.

Collectors—and, in these latter days, who so devoid of curiosity and culture as not to collect something?—will receive with pleasure the pretty little book which M. Paul Ginisty has recently written about the vagaries of some of their Parisian brethren. 'Le Dieu Bibelot' (Paris: Dupret; New York: F. W. Christern) has for its sub-title, "Les Collections Originales"; and, although it contains half-a-dozen other sketches, its chief interest is in the first group of chapters, describing eight rather unusual collections. One gentleman collects canes, another keys, and a third advertising cards often of historic interest and artistic merit, while a fourth is gathering death's-heads, mostly carved in ivory and taken from old rosaries. Quite as lugubrious is the autographic mania of yet another, who has sought out letters and manuscripts by notorious murderers—the chief prize being a sort of holographic last-dying-speech-and-confession. We read also of an admirer of the circus-ring who has a collection of "posters" and *billets-doux;* and we are told of yet another special student who has succeeded at last in getting together nearly all the utensils and implements of an apothecary's shop of the seventeenth century.

On January 31, the honor degree of M.A. was bestowed at Oxford on Dr. Lawrence H. Mills, S.T.D., University of New York, for his labors in continuing Darmesteter's editing of the Avesta. Dr. Mills was selected for the task by Prof. Max Müller.

An unfortunate misplacement of sentences in the Note about the sanctuary of the Kabeiroi on p. 202 of our last issue, will be corrected by taking the sentence, "M. Kavvadias. . . . . Asklepios" from the middle, and putting it at the end of the paragraph.

—The article on "Foreign Jurisdiction in Japan," by Mr. E. H. House, in the *New Princeton Review* for March, is a timely and forcible discussion of a subject of vital interest not only to natives, but to American residents in the Mikado's empire. The writer exposes in detail the shameful oppression of the Japanese through the system of exterritoriality, which virtually bars out the lawful owners of the soil from every foot of the "foreign concessions" in the five ports and two cities in which aliens reside. He spares not to show, also, that the Americans have joined hand and purse with European Powers to continue a state of things that long since lost the shadow of necessity or justice. Temporary arrangements once made, as the Japanese believed, for mutual convenience, have, in the presence of the inevitable gunboat and of armed regiments camped on the soil, gradually hardened into "rights" and "law." The old fable of the wolf and the lamb has been enacted over again. Indeed, we think it not disprovable that when "her Britannic Majesty" was "invested with power and authority in remote countries to the same extent as if obtained 'by cession or conquest,'" the Americans were quick to follow suit, in establishing consular courts, and in "practically extinguishing all rights of the Japanese Government over the regions assigned for foreign occupation and traffic." Indeed, as we remember, in the ordinary conversation of our fellow-countrymen at Yokohama, during the first decade or so following its opening, the question of justice obtainable at the United States consular court was largely one of five or ten dollars. Unfortunately, too, even in such schemes as the bombardment of Shimonoséki, and the subsequent levy of three millions of dollars blackmail, the United States Minister joined hand, besides obtaining a private indemnity to boot, as his diplomatic correspondence shows. Common sense, however, ruled at Washington when another of our envoys asked for a guard of twenty-five soldiers, even when he was living at Yokohama, twenty miles from the capital where he ought to have been. Two illustrious names, Harris and Bingham, occur in the list of American ministers in Tokio who believed in justice and protested to our Government again and again that the United States should withdraw from the "coöperative policy" and entangling alliance with Europeans in Japan. Neither of these men needed American soldiers camped on the soil of Japan, while their absolute freedom in moving openly among the natives contrasted strongly and even amusingly with the cage-like room in which one of our envoys habitually slept in the Legation building, for which, by the way, the United States paid no rent.

—Revision of the treaties with Japan is required by all the sound traditions of American policy, and by the convictions of our people. Withdrawal from the European league and "coöperative policy" is the first step; freedom to Japan to regulate her own customs and taxes is another. So far, all Americans doubtless agree. Mr. House, in his closing paragraph, pleads for "an unconditional release from the ties which hold her [Japan] in political and moral enslavement. One frank and outspoken word from the Chief Magistrate of this republic would enable her to reclaim the liberties to which she is as honorably entitled as the most enlightened of western countries." Here, we are compelled to differ. The question of putting American citizens under Japanese law

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involves a reversal of old custom and diplomatic precedents, and even the President cannot act upon sentiment alone. He can be but the servant and representative of the people and the Government. Not only to the average American, but to most intelligent people, and even special students, Japan is still, despite the outward bloom of civilization, and even a ready-made "code of law . . . . adapted to all the exigencies of the situation," an Asiatic power. It is hardly true, we think, that "no one disputes their intention or their ability to fulfil these [their] promises." Even if President Cleveland and the Senate believed all the Japanese Government professes, they cannot move without assurance from those most competent to speak—the Americans resident in Japan, for instance—that everything is ready for the total abolition of exterritoriality. The feeling of Americans toward Japan is not only very warm, but we think comparatively unselfish. Europeans have large trade interests in Japan, while the people of the United States buy generously and sell almost nothing. They are so ready to hope and believe good of her, to lighten her burdens, and to assist in her struggles in progress, that only the acts of the Japanese Government itself can chill American sympathy and retard revision of the treaties.

— Mr. H. B. Wheatley contributes to the January number of the *Bookworm* (Geo. J. Coombes), under the title "A Mad Book," a brief account of the works of Robert Deverell, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and M. P. for Saltash. He refers especially to a treatise, privately printed in London in 1805, called 'Andalusia; or, Notes tending to show that the Yellow Fever of the West Indies and of Andalusia, in Spain, was a Disease well known to the Ancients.' Though from this title one would naturally expect a medical treatise, on examination it turns out to be "a partial reprint of Milton's 'Masque of Comus,' with illustrative notes showing the hidden meaning of that poem to be an account of the yellow fever and the means of cure." This was soon followed by other small works of a similar character, but Mr. Deverell's literary career culminated in the publication in 1813 of a work in six octavo volumes, which he called 'Hieroglyphics and Other Antiquities; in treating of which many favorite pieces of Butler, Shakspere, and other great writers, in prose and verse, are put in a light now entirely new, by notes, occasional dissertations, and upwards of 200 engravings in wood and copper.' The illustrations are mainly full-page pictures of the surface of the moon, as it appears in the telescope, and detached portions of it, the aim of the author being to prove that many of the phrases, characters, and incidents, not only of Shakspere's plays, but of "all the classics," are merely allusions to the *appearances of the moon*. In the first volume he applies his novel theory to Hudibras and one of Butler's minor works, "The Elephant in the Moon." The second and third contain parts of "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello," and "Merchant of Venice," with illustrative notes and pictures. The following examples will give some idea of the work, though, of course, they do not show the learning which the author really possessed. "'Moult no feather': this very singular phrase may be referable to the circumstance that the prototypes of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* appearto be naked in the moon, and that there are small detached portions of shadow over their heads resembling the feathers flying about birds in the state of moulting them." "'Get thee to a nunnery.' The shadows at the right and left of *Ophelia's* face in the moon, from beneath which she seems to look out as from a veil, sufficiently explain this expression, so frequently repeated."

—In his introduction to the third volume Deverell says: "Though I would not be understood to assert that all the plays of Shakspere are to be explained by a reference to appearances in the moon, yet, lest it should be thought that the coincidences pointed out between these appearances and the plays contained in the second volume ought to be attributed to accident rather than to design; before other matters are entered upon towards the end of this volume, I shall offer an elucidation of two more of his plays, 'Othello' and the 'Merchant of Venice,' by the same method as before." We do not know that we can find a better note to close our excerpts from this remarkable work than this upon a speech of *Shylock:* "The frequent mention of the Ryalto may be referable to the circular form of the moon, any portion of which, and particularly the half-moon, may be considered as resembling the arch of a bridge." It should be said that the notes are frequently accompanied by engravings of the shadows in the moon, so arranged as to bear some faint resemblance to the subject treated. In the succeeding volumes Horace, Terence, Sophocles, and Milton are similarly commented upon. It will hardly be credited, but the British Museum Catalogue shows that in 1816 a second edition was published of this strange work of a lunatic (in the most literal sense of the word) scholar. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says that Mr. Deverell's friends endeavored to suppress this book. Whether this is true or not we cannot tell, though the only copies of which we have any knowledge now existing are the one referred to above and one in the Barton collection in the Boston Public Library.

—Mr. Sidney S. Rider, in his *Book Notes* (March 3, 1888), is led, under cover of some criticisms on Mr. G. W. Williams's recent work on Negro Troops, to censure the colored people of Rhode Island. He complains, for instance, that when (August 4, 1862) Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island issued a call for a colored regiment, "the negroes would not enlist," and quotes Stone's 'Rhode Island in the Rebellion' to the effect that "a rendezvous was opened and about one hundred men enrolled." But the fact is, that the whole colored population of Rhode Island was then hardly large enough to furnish a full regiment of adult male negroes. The whole number of colored males between eighteen and forty-five years of age in Rhode Island was, in 1860, but 1,165 (compendium of 9th census, p. 553), and from this must be subtracted all the lame, halt, blind, and otherwise unfit for military duty. There may possibly have been seven or eight hundred in the State who would have passed the mustering officer, though it must be remembered that these officers were much stricter in their scrutiny at that period than later, so that this estimate may be too high. If a hundred of these enlisted at once, it is a very creditable showing for Rhode Island, especially when we take into view the bitter prejudice then existing against colored soldiers, and the distrust everywhere felt of the somewhat impulsive and unstable disposition of Gov. Sprague. When Gov. Andrew, eight months later, set about the same enterprise in a more deliberate and careful way, he found plenty of recruits.

—Mr. Rider is scarcely more just when he comes to speak of the colored regiment of heavy artillery afterwards raised in Rhode Island (8th U. S. Colored Heavy Artillery—afterwards 11th U. S. C. H. A.). He complains of this regiment for its large mortality, yet has to admit in the same breath that it was under command of a merely nominal Colonel (Sypher), who never even saw the regiment united, and whose name seems to have been curiously significant of his value. If our war proved anything, it proved that the health and physical condition of the very best regiment depended almost wholly on the way in which it was commanded; and this was especially true of the colored troops, which were constantly exposed, unless their commanding officers stoutly resisted it, to a disastrous excess of fatigue duty. It is rather hard, under these circumstances, to dispose of the 324 men whose lives were wasted by saying merely that "they lacked endurance." As for the fact that they were "never in battle," the obvious remark is that this was not an uncommon experience with heavy artillery regiments.

—Mr. F. C. Clark writes us from the University of Michigan:

"Permit me to say a few words regarding the article in the *Nation* for March 1 on 'The Iowa Railroads.' In regard to Gov. Larrabee's recommendation concerning 'the passage of a law fixing reasonable, maximum rates of freight,' you say 'it is something entirely new. . . . No Legislature has thus far taken this task on itself.' I beg leave to correct your mistaken impression by saying that it is entirely in accord with many of the State Boards of Railroad Commissioners, and delegated to such boards either by the Constitution direct or by legislative enactment. The Constitution of California expressly provides that 'the Commissioners shall have the power, and it is their duty, to establish rates of charges for the transportation of passengers and freights.' The Board of Railroad Commissioners in Illinois, by act of May 2, 1873, are directed to make for each railroad doing business in the State a schedule of reasonable maximum rates for transportation of freights, passengers, and cars, which schedule shall be taken as prima-facie evidence that the rates prescribed therein are not extortionate. Such is the case also in New Hampshire, Tennessee, and other States."

—Vol. ii, No. 5, of the Publications of the American Economic Association is entitled 'Two Chapters on the Mediæval Guilds of England,' by Edwin R. A. Seligman, Ph.D. (November, 1887). The preface states that in chapter i ("The Guilds-Merchant") the author has derived assistance from Gross's 'Gilda Mercatoria' (Göttingen, 1883), and in chapter ii ("The Craft Guilds") from Von Ochenkowski's 'England's wirthschaftliche Entwickelung' (Jena, 1879). Mr. Seligman's obligations to Gross's thesis seem to be much greater than one would infer from a perusal of the preface. Though the two writers diverge on some minor points, and the arrangement and a few of the illustrations are different, the kernel of Mr. Seligman's chapter i and that of 'Gilda Mercatoria' are identical; the former contains no important results, no important argument, and no important references to the sources, that are not to be found in the latter. This, we think, should have been pointed out less equivocally in the preface and footnotes. The reproduction of verbal errors, such as "Walworth" for "Walford" (Seligman, 35, 67; Gross, i, 2), shows how carefully the German work has been conned. What we have said of chapter i and Gross's treatise applies, though in a somewhat less degree, to chapter ii and Von Ochenkowski's book. The main fault of this part of the work is that many generalizations are based wholly upon London, whose municipal development was, in many respects, different from that of the other towns of England. The genesis of craft gilds can be studied to best advantage in the provincial boroughs of England; and the

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materials for such investigations, both printed and unprinted, are abundant. The range of Mr. Seligman's data is somewhat broader than that of Von Ochenkowski's, but not broad enough. Though the work before us is not free from errors of detail, the author is deserving of much credit for giving to the world an excellent condensation of Gross's and Von Ochenkowski's researches, in a lucid and agreeable form—free from those pyrotechnical displays of erudition that obscure, rather than illumine, the two German productions. Mr. Seligman's pamphlet will, we hope, at length dissipate the absurd theories introduced by Brentano, eighteen years ago, which English scholars then swallowed, and have been complacently digesting to the present day. It may be added that among the recent announcements of the Clarendon Press is a treatise on 'The Gild Merchant' by Gross, which, we understand, is an elaborate extension of the original German work, and is founded, in part, upon new manuscript materials discovered by the author in English town archives.

MORE FICTION.

Seth's Brother's Wife: A Study of Life in the Greater New York. By Harold Frederick. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pine and Palm: A Novel. By Moncure D. Conway. Henry Holt & Co.

Old New England Days: A Story of True Life. By Sophie M. Damon. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

Uncle 'Lisha's Shop: Life in Yankeeland. By Rowland E. Robinson. *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.

Bledisloe; or Aunt Pen's American Nieces. An International Story. By Ada M. Trotter. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

George Stalden: A Personal Memoir of the time of the American Revolutionary War. Edited by Edmund Lawrence. London: Remington & Co.

Major and Minor: A Novel. By W. E. Norris. Henry Holt & Co.

The New Antigone: A Romance. Macmillan & Co.

THE story of 'Seth's Brother's Wife' is rather a tame one, in spite of several elements which might, with proper treatment, have served to make it exciting. The incipient love affair between the young journalist and his brother's wife experiences a sudden collapse just at the moment which a more venturesome writer than Mr. Frederick would have seized upon as the one opportunity that the tale affords for strong work. It is, perhaps, just as well that he took the commonplace course of passing this critical point. By so doing he was sure to get into no difficulties, and was equally certain of bringing Seth's modest career to a decent and seemly stage of respectability, where one is content to leave him undisturbed along with the innumerable host of novel heroes who have settled down to spend their days in earning an honest living for an honest family. It is true that the righteous indignation which Seth shows towards his sister-in-law, when she believes he has murdered her husband and is thanking him for it, is only what one would have expected of any well-meaning young fellow whose life had been reasonably honest and pure. But the power of that character which one moulds for one's self through action and thought is so slightly apparent in him that, had his feelings and the result been exactly opposite, it would not have seemed unnatural or impossible. The easy and unprofessional way, too, in which the real murderer was discovered and caught, marks the loss of another opportunity on the part of the author. He might have introduced the ever-popular detective and a few chapters of mystery and subtile reasoning *à la* Poe with telling effect. In the place of these passports to the publisher, a matter-of-fact sheriff and a mere arrest and confession seem like a wilful waste of valuable materials.

The best part of the book, by all odds, is the chapters, evidently drawn from experience, which describe Seth's career as a journalist. The different persons in the office where he goes to work as a reporter are done with a firm touch, with a vigor and naturalness which can only come from a full confidence on the part of the writer that he has his subject well in hand. Although the newspaper office and Seth's life while serving his apprenticeship there form but an episode, there is nothing else in the story which comes near equalling it. One realizes that, after all, the larger part of the man's life is to be passed in such an atmosphere; that what little romance there was in his youth is to be rubbed off by daily contact with the Dents and Tylers and Workmans whom one meets everywhere in the struggle for existence; and also, speaking generally, that the most serious part of a man's life offers the slightest opportunities to the novelist. For surely, to the average man—the man one meets everywhere except in the majority of novels—the daily task which lasts through uneventful years is a more potent factor in fixing the values that he sets on life than the history, however harrowing or delicious, of the time between commencement-day and marriage.

We do not say that Mr. Frederick has erred by leaving his hero a commonplace newspaper man instead of making him a rascal, and thereby having an opportunity of trying his hand at tragedy; if he has made a mistake, it has been on the safe side. There is no ground, however, for accusing Mr. Conway of being too tame. He has not only made the most of his opportunities, but has taken care in constructing his story that there should be no lack of them. None there are, to be sure, such as a jealous husband conveniently murdered; but the number of lighter incidents sufficiently piquant to be momentarily interesting is almost embarrassingly large. In fact, about all one can say in praise of the book is that it is lively and engaging. It is too much like patchwork to be of any real value as literature, and shows evidence of having been too hurriedly written—though at the same time with a certain facility—to be of much worth as a preparation for better work.

The insight which one gets of a phase of civilization in America that has now nearly passed away, through such books as 'Old New England Days' and 'Uncle 'Lisha's Shop,' is well worth having. Even though the stories, considered merely as such, are without literary form or finish, and could more properly be called a collection of anecdotes, there is about them the spirit of the sturdy, honest simplicity which has for so long characterized the rural population of New England, and which makes one regret, in spite of Matthew Arnold, that the statistician is busy with noting its decadence and gradual absorption, while the realist novel-writer is describing its demoralization by the march of progress and the city boarders. It was a phase of civilization, it is true, which was far from perfect; there was much in it that was hard, and but little light or sweetness. Yet there was an independence, coupled with a neighborly helpfulness, about it, a morality which, while it was intolerant, was nevertheless sincere, and a respect if not an appreciation for higher things, for which, one sometimes thinks, the new and growing communities of the West to-day might advantageously exchange a portion of their push and energy.

One is prejudiced against 'Bledisloe' at the start by the claim, printed on the title-page, that it is an "international romance." Just what constitutes an international novel is perhaps as hard to determine as it is difficult to find the long-expected American novel. In the present case it seems to have been thought only necessary to have two American women of English descent returned to visit their relatives at a pretty little village on the Severn. While there they witness and in some measure assist the evolution of the stale old drama of the spendthrift father attempting to marry his beautiful daughter to an old but wealthy admirer, while her heart is breaking for the young Adonis who has nothing but his art to live on. This piece of stock in trade is enough to spoil the smoother and rather pretty love affairs of the American girls; but even were it left out, the novel would be only an ordinarily clever piece of work—a quiet chronicle of tennis, archery, runaway horses, mad bulls, and picnic excursions. The figure of Mr. Irwine was evidently meant to be after the grand type, and his action in preventing his wealthy rival from being dashed to death at the foot of a cliff is an example of pure heroism and great nobility. But novel heroes have done such very similar things so very many times before, that one is not sufficiently impressed either with Mr. Irwine's magnanimity or with the writer's originality.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Lawrence that one so readily recalls 'The Virginians' while reading the memoirs of 'George Stalden.' Two books could hardly be more unlike; but the mere fact that the story—and the story is, of course, the chief part of the memoirs—is laid in the same time with Thackeray's, induces one to make comparisons, and any modern novelist who invites a comparison with Thackeray is unfortunate. It makes no difference on what lines the parallels are drawn—whether it is the human interest awakened by the story, or the antiquarian interest evoked by the reproduction of a by-gone time—they reach the same end, and one's conclusion remains the same. This all may be said, however, without preventing the possibility of praising Mr. Lawrence's work for its own sake. It is painstaking, even, and scholarly. The slightly antiquated style is never obtrusive, and has a certain quiet charm of its own which helps a great deal towards making the book readable. It must be owned, though, that without the style and the interest of the time—a period especially appealing to the sympathies of American readers—the simple adventures and simpler romance of George Stalden would prove very dry material for the average novel reader.

Not so with either Mr. Norris's 'Major and Minor' or the romance of 'The New Antigone.' There is sensationalism enough and to spare in either of them. In Mr. Norris's novel this usually objectionable quality is so toned down by the presence of real people, and relieved by the genuine human interests which they have in common with other mortals, that one is ready to forgive it, especially as it enables one to get through the six hundred and odd pages of the book without too much of an effort. It may be true that the stories have all been told; but there is a perennial interest in some of them. The history of Brian Seagrave's love for Beatrice Huntley is certainly not new in its main features. One can hardly think of a novelist who has not tried his hand at least once on a

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similar situation; but it always remains pleasing to read of a young fellow, who is in every way worthy and high-minded, loving hopelessly above his station, and finally being loved in return, and perhaps suitably rewarded. There is a sense of consolation for the young men readers in such a tale. And the young ladies, who, we are told, now form the chief audience for novelists, will always, one fancies, be partial to such a history; especially if it turns out as charmingly as Brian's affair.

As for 'The New Antigone,' it was cast in a large mould, but the metal has cracked in the cooling. The writer, who chooses to leave his name off the title-page, has evidently a very high opinion of the novel's place in literature. He has not only chosen great models, but he has also been at no lack of pains to do them justice—yet with rather poor success, one must admit. The romance which deals with rank materialism and bald socialism cannot but be unromantic; and the tragedy which is evolved from an actor's mere change of view can never have the force of true tragedy, nor evoke the sympathy which one feels for a noble mind struggling against an adverse fate.

SPANISH AND ITALIAN FOLK-SONGS.

Spanish and Italian Folk-Songs. Translated by Alma Strettell. With photogravures after sketches by John S. Sargent, Edwin A. Abbey, Morelli, and W. Padgett. Macmillan & Co. 1887. Sm. 4to, pp. xxi, 124.

THE noble ballads of the Spanish people are well known to the English reader through the spirited versions of Lockhart and Rodd; but the modern popular lyrical poetry of Spain is almost wholly unknown out of the country. And yet it is well worthy of attention, and has many interesting points of resemblance with the popular poetry of Italy. It was, then, a very happy thought of Miss Strettell to give a selection from the popular poetry of the two countries. Unfortunately, however, she has limited her choice of Spanish folk-songs to a single field, which, interesting though it be, is the least popular of all.

The two provinces of Spain which are the most prolific in popular poetry are Aragon and Andalusia. In the latter, side by side with the usual folk-songs, has sprung up in recent times a curious class of compositions known as *cantes flamencos*, or "gypsy songs." Just why the gypsies are called "Flemings" in Spain is not clear, but probably, like our "Bohemian" and "gypsy," it indicated the land from which the mysterious people seemed to come. The gypsies were expelled from Germany in the sixteenth century, and considerable numbers of them went over into Spain, where they were at first called *germanos*, and later *flamencos*. They found a congenial home in Andalusia, and there alone developed the songs which Miss Strettell has for the first time translated into English. The *cantes flamencos* as we now have them are not in the gypsy tongue, are of recent date, and in many cases their authors are well known and still living. They are not folk-songs in the true sense of the word, and at the present day are seldom heard outside of the *café-concert*. They are written in the dialect of Andalusia, which has been influenced somewhat by the gypsy language, and their character does not differ from the genuine Andalusian folk-song. In the words of a profound connoisseur of this class of poetry, "the *cantes flamencos* are in no wise to be regarded as a disfigurement of old, genuine gypsy poetry, but as Andalusian poetry which, chiefly in the language, has assumed a gypsy tinge."

The usual form of these poems is the popular stanza of four lines of eight syllables, with vowel rhyme (assonance) in second and third lines. Sometimes the first line is suppressed, and thus we have *soleares* or *soleás* (for *soledades*, from Soledad, the name of a woman to whom the music is due, and not from the prevailing melancholy character of the poems themselves) of three and four lines.

Miss Strettell's versions, we may say at once, are worthy of all praise for their fidelity to the contents of the original, and for their grace and spirit. The translator has, however, allowed herself certain liberties with the form which are not to be commended. We do not blame her substitution of the English rhyme for the Spanish assonance—that is perhaps necessary; but she has no right arbitrarily to change the length of the verse. So far has Miss Strettell gone in this that there is scarcely one of her translations which preserves the exact form of the original. For the Italian hendecasyllabic verse she substitutes the English verse of ten syllables with accent on the last, and for the Spanish eight-syllable verse she substitutes verse of four, six, seven, or ten syllables.

How interesting and strange these poems are, may be seen from even a very brief selection. Here are a few of the three-line *soleares*:

"I crossed the churchyard lea,
And even the rosemary
Told thou wert false to me."

The original reads:

"En er simenterio entré,
Y hasta el romero me dijo
Que era farso tu queré."

Death and the graveyard are constant factors in these poems.

"Gypsy maid, when thou art dead,
Let them with my very heart's blood
Mark the gravestone at thy head."

"To-day she passed me, lying dead;
And when I saw how fair she was,
A covering o'er her face I spread."

"One moonlit night
I saw the gravedigger, digging
My grave in the silvery light."

"I will die, that I may see
Whether death can end this frenzy,
This thirst for thee."

The same ideas are found in the four-line *soleares:*

"Yestereven
The dead-cart passed me nigh;
A hand hung out uncovered—
I knew her again thereby."

"When I have lain ten years in death,
And worms have fed on me,
Writ on my bones shall yet be found
The love I bore to thee."

Besides the *soleares*, the favorite form is that of the *seguidilla jitana*, so named to distinguish it from the Spanish *seguidilla*, which has an addition of three lines, called *estribillo*, that may be suppressed. The *seguidilla jitana* consists of four lines of six, six, eleven, and six syllables, with assonance in the second and fourth lines. A better division makes the lines of eleven syllables—two of five and six. Here are two in Miss Strettell's translation:

"Go now, and tell the moon
She need not rise to-night,
Or shine, because I have my comrade's eyes
To give me light."

"Once, as I told my beads,
While yet the dawn was red,
I saw the mother of my soul come towards me,
With arms outspread."

There are several other classes of the *cantes flamencos* which we have not time to mention here, but enough has been said to show how interesting a field Miss Strettell has opened to the English reader.

The second part of the book is devoted to the better-known Italian popular songs, two great classes of which, the *rispetti* and the *stornelli*, are well represented, and there is also a *vocero* or dirge from Corsica. The examples are taken, as was proper, chiefly from Tuscany and Sicily, the great centres of Italian folk-song. There are numerous examples of the flower-*stornelli*, the first line of which is the name of some flower, tree, or shrub, mentioned arbitrarily to furnish an assonance for the third line.

These are from Tuscany:

"Pomegranate flower!
And if these sighs of mine were flames of fire,
The world would be consumed this very hour."

"O cypress flower!
Taper, light up above the thicket there
To light my love, who passes at this hour."

"Flower of the grain!
The mill stands idle, tho' the wheel may turn;
Love grows and we consume away in vain."

Only two are from Sicily:

"Flower in the vale!
The sun will show his face no more at all,
Because he knows thy splendors make him pale."

"Flower of the vine!
Christ did forgive his enemies their sin,
And do thou, dearest life, forgive me mine."

The make-up of the book is worthy of its dainty contents. It is bound in pale green silk, printed on what looks like hand-made paper, with very curious illustrations in photogravure from drawings by Sargent, Abbey, and others. The artists have reflected the weird spirit of the poetry. The process, however, is often vague to indistinctness. Altogether, in form and contents, the book is the most charming we have seen for a long time.

We cannot dismiss it, however, without observing that the reader, not to speak of the reviewer, has rights which the translator is bound to respect. Miss Strettell nowhere in her book makes any reference to the sources of her work. The reader might sometimes like to go a little deeper into the subject; the reviewer, if he is conscientious, will wish to compare the translation. Miss Strettell may have collected all her originals herself, or she may have used the work of others. As a matter of fact, the *cantes flamencos* may be found in the only collection of these songs which has yet been printed, 'Coleccion de Cantes Flamencos, recojidos y anotados por Demófilo (A. Machado y Alvarez)' (Seville, 1881). An admirable article on the subject by Dr. H. Schuchardt may be found in the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie*, vol. v, page 249. The Italian poems may be found, with one or two exceptions, in Tigri's 'Canti popolari Toscani' (Florence, 1869), and in Pitrè's 'Canti Popolari Siciliani' (Palermo, 1871).

LAYARD'S EARLY ADVENTURES.

Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia, including a residence among the Bakhtiyari and other wild tribes before the discovery of Nineveh. By Sir Henry Layard. 2 vols. With maps and illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. 1887. 8vo.

IT is now forty years since Sir Henry Layard published an account of his excavations in the mounds of Kouyunjik, the site of ancient Nineveh. Of this and the similar work at Babylon we need say no more than that the secret of his success, in the face of countless obstacles put in his way by Turk and Arab, was not so much a great zeal and persistence as his remarkable knowledge of the people and the methods of dealing with them. The manner in which he gained this knowledge, the veteran explorer and diplomatist at length reveals in these volumes. He was just twenty-two when, in 1839, he left England, with Mr. E. L. Mitford, with the intention of going overland to India, an undertaking at that time more formidable and perilous than crossing Africa is to-day. As his companion has recently published an account of this journey (strangely, however, omitting to mention Sir Henry's name), the latter begins his story at Jerusalem, where the two

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separated for a time. The younger traveller, whose "youthful appearance" had caused Mr. Mitford some misgivings at the start, determined to visit the ruins of Petra, and from thence make his way to Damascus through the wilderness lying to the east of the Jordan. But the disturbed condition of the country, which was then occupied by the Egyptians, made this route, always a hazardous one, unusually dangerous, and Mr. Mitford was unwilling to risk the attempt. Sir Henry, however, persisted, and, accompanied only by a native of one of the Trans-Jordanic tribes, reached Petra without difficulty. But his journey northward from this place, which the rapacious Bedouins, who inhabited the caves, gave him no opportunity to examine carefully, was a constant succession of hardships. He escaped from the hands of one robber tribe only to fall into those of another. To add to his difficulties, the plague was raging in some of their encampments, and a cordon of soldiers guarded the approaches to Damascus to turn back all travellers from the south. But his unfailing courage, and a happy faculty for making useful friends, enabled him to overcome all hindrances, although he was stripped of nearly everything which he possessed. Eluding the guards at night, he reached the gates of Damascus in a condition very similar to that of Bedreddin, whom the genius laid sleeping at these same gates in the halcyon days of Haroun al-Rashid. Naturally, Sir Henry contrasts his entrance in this nearly naked state with his reception when, thirty-eight years after, he came as the British Ambassador to Turkey, and "vast crowds of men and women of all creeds" went out to welcome him. After a few days' rest in Damascus, he rejoined Mr. Mitford at Aleppo, taking Baalbek on his way. In the course of his later tour he went again to Baalbek, and found, to his great regret, that since his previous visit "many of the delicate architectural ornaments of the temple and other buildings had greatly suffered from wanton injury attributed to English and American tourists."

When the travellers reached Hamadan, in Persia, at which place the Shah was then encamped with his army, they found it impossible to obtain permission to cross into Afghanistan by way of Yezd and Seistan, as they had originally intended. Accordingly here they finally separated, Mr. Mitford proceeding on his journey to Ceylon through Herat, while Sir Henry, still cherishing hopes of being able to carry out their first plan, which included the tracing the course of the Helmund, turned southward to Ispahan. The Shah's camp was raised the day preceding his departure. "Before leaving the city the soldiers had pillaged the bazaars. All the shops were closed, and the inhabitants, dreading violence and ill-treatment, had concealed themselves in their houses. The gardens around the town had been stripped of their produce and the trees cut down. The place looked as if it had been taken and sacked in war. Such was the usual result of a visit from the Shah, his Ministers, and his army." On reaching Ispahan, Layard determined, while waiting for an opportunity to go to Seistan, to visit some remarkable ruins and inscriptions said to exist in the Luristan Mountains, on the western borders of Persia. For this purpose he applied to the Governor of the province for the necessary firman. This man, Manuchar Khan, the Matamet, as he was usually called, was a Georgian eunuch, whom great administrative abilities had raised from the lot of a slave to this important post. Although hated for his cruelty, of which some terrible instances are given, and though thoroughly unscrupulous in the means used to secure his ends, yet "it was generally admitted that he ruled justly, that he protected the weak from oppression by the strong, and that, where he was able to enforce his authority, life and property were secure."

His firman having been secured, Sir Henry joined a party of Lurs who were about to return to their mountain homes. He was warned that all these mountaineers were robbers, cruel, bloodthirsty, and treacherous, and that he risked his life in venturing among them. But, nothing daunted by this, the young traveller adopted the dress of his new companions, and made it his constant study to conform to their customs and to avoid offending their religious sentiments and prejudices. His outfit was very simple, consisting of a small carpet, a wadded coverlet, and a pair of saddle-bags, containing "a second shirt, a hammer and nails to shoe my horse, one or two books and maps, and a few necessary medicines." In money he had but £10, the Lurs insisting that he would "require none when with their tribe, with whom hospitality was a duty, and who would resent as an insult an offer of payment for it." Under their escort he made his way to Kala Tul, the residence of Mehemet Taki Khan, the head of the great Bakhtiyari tribe, who inhabit the mountains of ancient Susiana. This was a castle perched on a high mound in a narrow valley, not unlike a feudal stronghold of Europe, with towers, court-yards, and guest chamber over the entrance. Here, in the absence of the chief, the principal wife, "a tall, graceful woman, still young and singularly handsome, dressed in the Persian fashion, with a quantity of hair falling in tresses down her back from under the purple silk kerchief bound round her forehead," welcomed the young Englishman, who "was at once captivated by her sweet and kindly expression." He was equally attracted to her husband, a man of about fifty years of age, of middle height, with a very noble air and "the very beau-ideal of a great feudal chief." By his courage and abilities he had acquired almost sovereign power over a large territory, and "was famed throughout Persia, as well as in his mountains, as a dauntless warrior, a most expert swordsman, an excellent shot, and an unrivalled horseman." His followers were worthy of their chief, "a splendid race, far surpassing, in moral as well as in physical qualities, the inhabitants of the towns and plains of Persia."

Sir Henry gives a very attractive picture of his life among this people, whose gratitude he won at the outset by successfully treating the eldest son of the chief for a dangerous fever. The days were spent in hunting or in exercising horses, the evenings in conversation and in listening to recitations of poetry, of which the Bakhtiyari are passionately fond. He also made excursions, not unaccompanied with danger, to remote places among the mountains in search of ruins and inscriptions. After several months spent in these occupations, the Matamet appeared in the valley with an army, ostensibly on a visit of courtesy, but really for the purpose of seizing Mehemet, whom the Shah regarded with great suspicion and jealousy on account of his power. The Englishman was not an unconcerned spectator of the exciting events which followed, but chivalrously devoted himself to the cause of the mountain-chief, though bringing himself thereby again and again into imminent peril. When the Persian demanded the eldest son of Mehemet as a hostage, Layard was sent with him. Hussein was ten years old and "one of the most beautiful boys I ever saw, and the very picture of a young warrior." When brought into the presence of the Matamet the latter asked him sternly, "'Why have you not brought your father with you? Is he not coming to Shuster to see me?' 'No,' replied the boy, with an undaunted air, his hand resting on his gun. 'What if I were to send those soldiers' (pointing to the horsemen careering in the plain beneath) 'to fetch him?' rejoined the Matamet. 'Let them go to Kala Tul,' answered Hussein Kuli, grasping his dagger. 'They will all come back naked, like this,' putting his forefinger into his mouth and then withdrawing it and holding it up, a significant gesture employed by the Bakhtiyari to denote that they have stripped a man to his skin." Mehemet was compelled to leave his mountain fastnesses and to take refuge in the swamps of the delta of the Euphrates-Tigris, whither Layard followed him, the latter part of the way floating down the Karun on a raft of reeds, having been robbed and abandoned on its banks. The unequal struggle between the Persian Governor and the mountain chieftain could have but one ending. The latter was treacherously taken prisoner, and, a daring attempt to rescue him in which Layard joined having failed, was carried to Teheran, where he died in 1851.

Layard, in an endeavor to secure an asylum for his family in their native mountains, was captured, but escaped, though his only companion was murdered. After great suffering from the scorching heat of the plains, over which he wandered for several days, he reached Shuster. There he had an interview with the Matamet, who naturally reproached him for the risks which he had run. "'You Englishmen,' he added, in an angry tone, 'are always meddling in matters which do not concern you, and interfering in the affairs of other countries. You attempted to do it in Afghanistan, but all your countrymen there have been put to death; not one of them has escaped.' He then described the ignominious manner in which the corpse of Sir William MacNaghten had been treated at Caubul, and the insults heaped upon the bodies of other English officers." As this was several months before the massacre actually occurred, the Matamet apparently had information of the intended extermination of the English, and supposed that it had already been done. From Shuster Sir Henry made his way with great difficulty and several hair-breadth escapes from Bedouin robbers to Bagdad, which he reached, after a year's absence, bareheaded and with naked feet, clad only in a tarbush and abba, an Arab shirt and cloak.

While waiting for letters from England, he went again to the mountains, partly to visit some ruins which the disturbed condition of the country had prevented his examining before, and partly to learn the fate of his Bakhtiyari friends. The most interesting part of this excursion, which was not without exciting adventures, was his visit to Dizful, a famous fort on the summit of a hill, whose almost perpendicular sides could only be scaled by means of ladders and ropes. On his return to Bagdad, he accompanied Lieut. Selby in the steamer *Assyria* in an exploration of the rivers Tigris and Karun, which very nearly had a tragic ending in a hostile encounter with the Arabs, Lieut. Selby being wounded. At this time, Layard's purpose to go to India being finally abandoned, he went to Constantinople with despatches for Sir Stratford Canning, then British Minister to Turkey.

The concluding chapters give graphic pictures of the "Great Elchi," and his methods of dealing with the Sultan and his ministers, and of life in Constantinople at that day. Layard was employed by Sir Stratford in various pri-

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vate missions, which he discharged in such a manner as to win the Minister's confidence. Among other things, he was sent to Thessaly and the Balkan provinces to get information as to the state of the country. A revolution was in progress in Servia, and in order to carry important information to Sir Stratford he rode post from Belgrade to Constantinople in less than six days, a journey of 600 miles, which he performed "in less time by some hours than Col. Townley, a Queen's messenger, whose Tatar ride over the same ground had been mentioned by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons as the fastest on record." His adventures, which were remarkable both for their number and variety, ended with a mission to northern Albania, where there was a serious rising against the Turks. At the request of Omar Pasha, the commander of the troops sent to put it down, Sir Henry visited the insurgent camp as a mediator. One of the most striking passages in the book is his description of a dance of the Ghegas, on the night of his arrival in camp, in which some hundreds of them moved "round with measured steps to the sound of drums and oboes, stamping their feet and swinging their arms to and fro," while others held torches or brandished swords and raised their war-cries.

It is a pity that Sir Henry Layard, for his own reputation, should have delayed so long the publication of these singularly interesting volumes, which were written, substantially as they are printed, many years ago. Not only would they have put him in the front rank of Asiatic travellers, but it is not unlikely that his accounts of the Bakhtiyari might have led to some efforts for the amelioration of their wretched condition. Making all allowances for the young man's enthusiasm, they are far the most interesting people of Central Asia of whom we have ever read. Sir Henry's style in the first part of his work is a little dry, but grows more animated as he proceeds, and there are few readers who will not follow with absorbing interest and sympathy the fortunes of Mehemet and his charming wife Khatun-jan, "Lady of my Soul." The maps are not such as one would expect to find in a work of this character, and it is with considerable difficulty that the author's route can be traced upon them.

A MODERN KNIGHT ERRANT.

Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G.: A Biography. By Francis Hitchman, author of 'The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield,' etc. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1887.

SOMEBODY or other once described the human race as consisting of men, women, and clergymen. "Explorers," however, constitute a fourth class having a distinct claim to a place of its own apart from the others. An insatiable curiosity as to the life led in the unknown and waste places of the earth acts like a goad upon the mind of the explorer. He wanders, by choice, among the most brutalized portion of humanity, for, as Sir Richard Burton points out, the "explorer" is not to be confounded with the traveller. The latter journeys over a beaten track; the former is the forerunner of the traveller. It is the pride and glory of the explorer to penetrate whither the foot of civilized man has not preceded him. The security of civilization is an offence to this roving habit of mind. In the great army of explorers Sir Richard F. Burton must always hold a distinguished place, and Mr. Hitchman has done well to collect within a reasonable compass the long story of his wanderings. At the same time, we wish that he had dwelt more upon the man and less upon the details of his journeys. He has given us two thick volumes about Sir Richard Burton, and calls his work "a biography"; but of Sir Richard Burton himself he conveys but a vague and indefinite impression. Burton began life as an officer in the army of the East India Company, landing at Bombay on October 28, 1842. His Indian career was brief, lasting only seven years, but is remarkable for the perseverance with which, after the manner of the true explorer, he pursued his researches into the unknown. To nineteen-twentieths of the young Englishmen who go to India, the land of their adoption has absolutely no interest except as a hunting ground or a shooting preserve. If the rules of the service did not peremptorily demand a certain knowledge of the language, there are only a few who would acquire enough to converse even with their servants. As to going one step beyond the limit enforced by the Government, it is safe to say that even the thought of so insane an enterprise does not enter the head of one Anglo-Indian official out of every five hundred. Burton's practice was in marked contrast with this routine. In the brief space of seven years he passed examinations in six of the native languages, and had acquired a considerable knowledge of two others. He applied himself with so much zeal and devotion to the study of the mysteries of the Hindu faith that his instructor—a strict Hindu—invested him, so he declares, with the "Brahminical thread." He also became so proficient in the Sikh religion and literature, that here, also, his instructor solemnly initiated him (we presume, though he does not expressly say so) as a member of the "Khalsa." What was the exact value attaching to these ceremonies we cannot say. To invest a man with the "Brahminical thread" is to confer upon him the spiritual rank of the "twice-born"—a dignity which is not in the power of flesh and blood to confer, and which we cannot conceive of a Brahmin even pretending to confer upon a stranger and an outcast.

Arabic, however, appears to have been Burton's favorite study:

"Under Shaykh Háshim," he writes, "I began the systematic study of practical Moslem divinity; learned about a quarter of the Koran by heart, and became a proficient at prayers. It was always my desire to visit Mecca during the pilgrimage season. Written descriptions by hearsay of its rites and ceremonies were common enough in all languages, but none satisfied me; moreover, no one seemed practically to know anything about the matter. So to this preparation I devoted all my time and energy, not forgetting a sympathetic study of Sufism, the gnosticism of Al-Islam, which would raise me high above the rank of a mere Moslem. I conscientiously went through the Chillá or quarantine of fasting and other exercises, which, by the by, proved rather too exciting to the brain."

In reading his account of these portentous labors we must confess to a feeling that Sir Richard Burton has unconsciously been led into over-statement. The brief period of seven years would hardly suffice for the study of a single Oriental religion. In the case of Sir Richard Burton, if we are to accept his account precisely as it stands, it was sufficient for the study of eight languages, for a searching investigation into the mysteries of three creeds, for the discharge of official duties, for a number of journeys over unfrequented parts of India, and for a considerable quantity of sickness. All this, it seems to us, is a good deal more than could be crammed into the time even if Sir Richard could have dispensed altogether with eating, sleep, and recreation. It is clear, however, from the success with which he accomplished the pilgrimage to Mecca, undertaken immediately after leaving India, that his instructor, the Shaykh Háshim, must have succeeded in converting him into a very correct semblance of an orthodox Moslem. At the end of this, his first, and perhaps his most remarkable adventure, Sir Richard expressed his opinion that the results were not worth the sacrifices they had entailed. We are entirely of that opinion. Setting aside the danger, the appalling physical discomfort and hardship, Sir Richard had to play during the whole of this trying time the part of a devout Moslem. He had to visit shrines without number; to engage in prayer an incalculable number of times; to be, in a word, in a perpetual state of make-believe. And without entering into the casuistry of the matter, it is impossible to exaggerate the wearisomeness, the inward disgust and loathing, engendered by long persistence in such an anomalous attitude.

Few men, at the same time, accustomed to the milder ways of civilized life, could have lived through the hardships of this dangerous adventure. It began with a voyage from Suez to Yambú, in a small, crazy ship crammed as full as it could hold with a crowd of savage and filthy pilgrims from North Africa.

"Within this comfortless craft" (this is Burton's description) "no fewer than ninety-seven unhappy pilgrims with their baggage were remorselessly packed, while fifteen women and children were crowded into the cabin. Their manners were rude, and their faces full of fierce contempt or insolent familiarity. A few old men were there, with countenances expressive of intense ferocity; women as savage and full of fight as men; and handsome boys with shrill voices, and hands always upon their daggers. The women were mere bundles of dirty white rags. The males were clad in burnús, brown or striped woollen cloaks with hoods; they had neither turban nor tarbush, trusting to their thick curly hair, or to the prodigious hardness of their scalps, as a defence against the sun; and there was not a slipper nor a shoe among the party."

The voyage in this agreeable company lasted twelve mortal days. The discomforts are not to be described, and on some occasions even the hardened Arabs and Africans, who, by Burton's account, are capable of enduring almost any extreme of hardship, suffered most severely.

Africa was the scene of the larger portion of Burton's adventures; but he travelled largely in Asia also, and the scenes and peoples through which he passed he has described in a series of volumes that contain the most minute and varied pictures of savage life ever drawn by a denizen of the civilized world. If there is anybody anywhere who still retains a lingering belief in the reality of "the noble savage," they should be referred to any one of these volumes in order to be disabused of it.

Burton's life of peril and adventure was ended by landing him in the obscure harborage of a consulate at Trieste. Mr. Hitchman is full of indignation at the want of official appreciation for his hero which is disclosed by this circumstance. He ought, however, to take comfort. If Sir Richard Burton had been the kind of man to work easily in official harness, there would have been no occasion for the composition of the volumes under review. Official promotion depends upon a belief in the sanctity of official routines and the virtues of official superiors. That Sir Richard Burton has no particle of this saving faith in his constitution is very abundantly illustrated by the liveliest episode to be found in these two volumes. During the Crimean war, Burton, zealous as always in pursuit of adventure, became an officer in the force of Bashi-bazuks which General Beal-son of the Indian Army was at that time commissioned to raise. This experience of his is, perhaps, the only one which he had omitted to

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describe in print. The omission is now made good by a chapter written by himself, and which appears in its proper place in Mr. Hitchman's work. It is a very lively, amusing, and vigorous piece of autobiography, but plain-spoken to a degree. In Burton's deliberate opinion, there was not a prominent man, French or English, connected with this war, who was not knave or fool, except in those rarer cases where he was a combination of both. It may be that Sir Richard is right, but this contemptuous estimate of the men placed in authority over him has been, we fancy, a characteristic of his through life; and when this happens, the superiors, naturally enough, fail to perceive the merits of their too free-thinking critic. Conventionality in all its phases has, through life, been abhorrent to Mr. Hitchman's hero. He has, in all times and places, said what he thought, and done what he wished to do, regardless of the susceptibilities of others or the consequences to himself. This indifference to others' opinions, this disregard of consequence, has made him a great and successful explorer, but are not the qualities which lead to prosperity and promotion in a State department.

The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844. With appendix, written in 1886, and preface, 1887. By Frederick Engels. John W. Lovell Co.

Arcady. For Better for Worse: A Study of Rural Life in England. By Augustus Jessop, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

As the Roman Emperor in his triumphal procession was accompanied by a slave to remind him that he was mortal, so to the prosperous and comfortable citizen of to-day there comes from time to time a wail out of the depth of poverty and misery, saddening his enjoyment with the consciousness of terrible suffering among his fellow-creatures, which yet he is powerless to relieve. The success of Mr. George's 'Progress and Poverty' was less owing to the actual merits of the book than to the fact that, after rehearsing in tones of deep compassion the pitiful story, he announced himself as the prophet of a new gospel, and promised a specific which would at least open the way to ultimate relief from the heavy burden of the world. It was not only the poor who caught eagerly at the flattering hope, but thousands upon thousands of those who, themselves beyond fear of want, find their lives darkened by despairing sympathy.

Mr. Engels is not less confident than Mr. George that the universe would be all right enough if only he could have the ordering of it. He is a Socialist, pure and simple. "Now the Socialists of the school of Marx, too, demand the resumption by society of the land, and not only of the land, but of all other means of production likewise." Mr. Engels is not disturbed by the vast development of machine-power and factory life. He dwells with all the glee of an economist upon the number of spindles, the pounds of cotton yarn, and the yards of goods, the output of coal, and the increase of population of towns. The trouble is, that the advantage accrues to the capitalist, by whom the laborer is ground down. All would be well if only the State would manage the factories, and mines, and railroads, and distribute the proceeds equitably among all concerned. And then follows, through two hundred pages of fine print, a catalogue of past horrors so awful as to form a pretty hard strain upon credulity. And yet, after all this demonstration of the need of some prompt and decisive interference, the reader finds the main problem still unsolved, whether such action by the State, even if possible, would not do more harm than good.

It is a comfort to turn from such a picture to the cheery and practical narrative of Dr. Jessop. Having held a curacy in the east of England for seven years, and then lived in a city for twenty-five years, in 1879 he was again presented to a benefice in Norfolk. He sets himself to compare the present condition of the agricultural population with that which he knew in years gone by. After speaking of the classes above, he finds that "the laborer of to-day is a great deal better off than his father was, *with one notable and shameful exception.* His children are cleaner, better taught, better looked after, better dressed than they were; his wife is no longer the poor drudge she almost invariably became after her fourth or fifth child; she has her perambulator, and, in many instances, her sewing-machine; she even talks to you of her dressmaker." The exception referred to is in the matter of lodging, of which he gives a melancholy picture, and, as a consequence, of the decline in female purity. Another gain is, that whereas the laborer used to be always in debt, he now has more money, is much sharper about it, and as a rule pays his way. On the other hand, the laborer's life has had the joy taken out of it:

"There are scores, perhaps hundreds, of villages where the inhabitants have absolutely no amusements of any kind outside the public house, where cricket or bowls or even skittles are as unknown as bear-baiting, where the children play at marbles in the gutter in bodily fear lest the road surveyor should come down upon them."

These two evils, bad lodging and absence of occupation, drive off the young men; and all who can, either emigrate or go to the towns, leaving agricultural labor both scarce and of poor quality. Another change is, that while the laborer of fifty years ago drank a good deal of beer and cider at the farmhouses, he never tasted gin or other strong liquor. Now the facilities for drunkenness have largely increased. Dr. Jessop is no such Utopian as George and Engels, and discusses calmly and practically what can be done, though even so his views are hardly more encouraging. His book is very readable, being enlivened with anecdote and studies of character, and is especially interesting as a picture of life very different from anything in this country.

English Newspapers. Chapters on the History of Journalism. By H. R. Fox Bourne. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1887.

MR. FOX BOURNE has long established his reputation as a diligent and successful investigator of the unfrequented byways of history. Passing by his biographies of John Locke and Sir Philip Sidney, few books of our day are fuller of quaint and instructive information than his 'English Seamen under the Tudors' and his 'British Merchants.' His "Chapters on the History of Journalism" are a capital addition to his former contributions to a like line of research. The subject is full of interest, and leads an inquirer, by way of natural necessity, down all manner of obscure passages, and into queer nooks and crannies innumerable. The history of the English press falls into two clearly defined divisions—the period of the press militant and the period of the press triumphant. It cannot be denied that the former is much the more interesting of the two. In a sense it might be maintained that the press was then even more powerful than afterwards, when it had successfully vindicated its right to existence and freedom of speech. After the Revolution of 1688, from which date the political power of the press may be said to have begun, the constituency to which it appealed was concentrated in a single small area, to wit, "the town." The opinion of "the town" was, in fact, the public opinion of the United Kingdom. A telling article passed at once, like an electric current, through all parts of "the town," with fear of change greatly perplexing monarchs and politicians. The promptitude and certainty with which an effect was produced naturally attracted a number of powerful writers to make use of the press as an engine, and a glance through the pages of Mr. Bourne's first volume will show that no inconsiderable portion of the standard literature of Great Britain first saw the light of day in the columns of a struggling press. Defoe, Swift, Steele, Addison, "Junius," Johnson, Burke, Coleridge, are only a few of the great names closely connected with the press during this its militant period, and so attractive are the associations suggested by these names that their simple appearance in a printed page seems to invest it with interest.

Mr. Bourne has, of course, much more to do with them than merely to mention them. The particulars which he gives respecting Defoe and Coleridge are especially interesting, and he has printed almost *in extenso* the article in the *North Briton* that caused the war between John Wilkes and the constitutional authorities, in which the latter were so completely and ignominiously defeated. This period of conflict, adversity, and final triumph brings out in a very striking way the bulldog tenacity of the English character. Prosecution, fine, and imprisonment were until the beginning of the present century the normal diet, one might almost say, of an honest and independent editor. If he refused to succumb to the corrupting allurements of the authorities, he was certain to be attacked by assault and battery. Before the Whig Revolution he was even worse off. He was not infrequently hung; he was constantly placed in the pillory, and he was liable at any moment to endure excision of the ears. There is no instance, we think, of an editor being executed or mutilated after 1688, but, until the peace of 1815, and, indeed, for some time after, his calling remained a highly precarious one. Cobbett left the country and retired to America rather than face the danger of it. The brothers Hunt, so late as 1813, expiated an uncomplimentary article on "The First Gentleman in Europe" by two years' imprisonment and a fine of £1,000. The very dangers, however, which beset the profession were a testimony to its power, and this power was, in its turn, strengthened and extended by the ability of the men who wrote either as editors or contributors. True it is that when a Defoe, a Swift, a "Junius," or some other great author was not writing, the press sank very rapidly to mere scurrility and abuse; but this, so far from diminishing, greatly enhanced the effect of the powerful and thoughtful writing whenever it appeared.

It is this struggle, between the State on the one side and the press on the other, which makes the early history of English journalism as exciting as a sensational novel, and Mr. Bourne has told the story in a graphic and vigorous fashion. But when journalism, emerging victorious from the long conflict, becomes a coördinate authority in the government of the country with the Crown and the Legislature, its history becomes more prosaic and a great deal less interesting. The daily paper has now become a great commercial venture, in which every other consideration has, perforce, to be subordinated to the financial one. It is not strange, therefore,

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that the latter part of Mr. Bourne's "Chapters" should not be so full of interest as the earlier. The fault lies, not with him, but in the nature of the subject. It is not in the power of mortal man to invest Mr. Delane with the interest which surrounds the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' or to make his readers care as much for Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. Henry Labouchere as for Mr. Addison or Sir Richard Steele. At the same time, all that portion of Mr. Bourne's book which deals with the modern London press is a perfect mine of information on the subject. Especially curious is it to note how the power of the London papers, in relation to the counties, rose with the expansion of the railways, and declined as rapidly with the rise of the electric telegraph. It is the latter discovery which has put an end to the London press setting the tone of political thought in the counties. The telegraph, by outrunning the railway, enabled the provincial press to anticipate the London press in items of news concerning which, so long as railways were the sole means of communication, the London press had anticipated them. Hence the rapid and enormous development of local papers in the great manufacturing centres and elsewhere. The British press, as an advertising and news-collecting agency, is at the present moment in the zenith of its greatness—one of the wonders of the world.

The Holy Land and the Bible. A Book of Descriptive Illustrations gathered in Palestine. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D., Vicar of St. Martin's at Palace, Norwich. 2 vols. James Pott & Co. 1888.

THE title of this work naturally reminds one of Thomson's 'The Land and the Book.' And there is also considerable resemblance in the aim, the plan, and the execution. Like Dr. Thomson, though not as often and as long as he, Dr. Geikie journeyed through Palestine "gathering illustrations of the sacred writings from its hills and valleys, its rivers and lakes, its plains and uplands, its plants and animals, its skies, its soil, and, above all, from the pictures of ancient times still presented on every side in the daily life of its people." Richness of detail, vividness of observation, and naturalness in sketching characterize both works almost alike. But there is more pious naïveté in the older writer's pages, more evidence of study and book-learning in those of the younger. Geikie's production is by far less original, but much more systematic and complete. He can justly claim that "all the country is brought before the reader in successive portions, from the extreme south to its northern limits—that is, from Beersheba to Damascus, Baalbek, and Beirout." And man and his habitations, soil and atmosphere, fauna and flora, are minutely depicted, with all their peculiarities, ancient and modern. All Bible history is illustrated, and almost repeated, in pointed analogies and contrasts. In a certain sense, the book is a Bible dictionary, made handy as such by its full index. And yet it has the freshness of a book of travels. Descriptions like the following of a spring scene in Sharon are not infrequent:

"As we rode on, many peasants were ploughing, with the plough in one hand, and in the other a long wooden goad, the sharp iron point of which was used to urge forward the lean, small oxen. . . . The plough used was so light that it could be carried on the shoulder; indeed, asses passed carrying two ploughs and much besides. . . . Ravens and wild doves flew hither and thither. Herds of sheep were feeding on the thin pasture, but cattle were rare. The sheep had great broad tails, and thus seemed to be the same breed as that reared by the ancient Jews, for we read that the tail of their variety was burned by the priests on the altar, in thank-offerings. . . . On the roofs of many of the mud houses grass had sprung up plentifully, thanks to the winter rain, but in the increasing heat it was doomed to 'wither before it grew up.' On every side the landscape was delightful. 'The winter was passed, the rain over and gone; the flowers were appearing on the earth; the time for the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land; the fig tree was putting forth her green figs, and the vines, now in bloom, gave a good smell.' Not that songbirds were to be heard, except the lark; there was not enough woodland for them; nor that the turtle was to be heard on the plain, or the fragrance of vineyards inhaled. These were the attractions of rare and isolated spots, beside the villages, on the hill-slopes. The plain itself is silent, and shows very little life of any kind."

The comparing of things seen with things Biblical—sometimes also in the manner of "lucus a non lucendo"—is here and there carried to excess. Thus, speaking of the crushing loads often carried by the Eastern porters, the traveller adds: "They remind us of the heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, to which our Lord compares the spiritual slavery under which the Pharisees laid the common people. Perhaps the 'atals' of Christ's day supplied the illustration." Identifications of modern localities and characteristics with ancient ones are occasionally introduced on very flimsy grounds, as, after Guérin and Conder, on pages 48 and 52 of volume i, where the notes attached show the author's own strong doubts as to the soundness of the conjectures. That nothing calculated to put in a clearer light the correctness of Biblical statements is ever omitted, whether found in nature or in a book, need hardly be stated. Exceptionally, however, even this author's bibliolatry yields to facts, as when, speaking of the cony of Scripture, with distinct reference to Lev. xi, 5, he says (vol. ii, p. 90): "The Jews, who were not scientific, deceived by the motion of its jaws in eating, which is exactly like that of ruminant animals, fancied it chewed the cud"—in disregard of the circumstance that the Scriptural statement that "the cony . . . cheweth the cud" is given as one which "the Lord spake unto Moses." Possibly it was only an oversight which prevented Dr. Geikie from trying to identify the *shāphān* of the Hebrew text with some ruminating animal. On what authority he assumes (vol ii, p. 404) that the name Sirion signified "the Banner," while the same word as a common noun undeniably signifies *breastplate*, we are unable to discover.

A Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature, from the earliest times to the present day. By Robert W. Lowe. New York: J. W. Bouton.

WE announced Mr. Lowe's book a year or two ago with hope, and we receive it now with gratitude. It is one of the most useful volumes ever prepared for the student of stage-history; perhaps it would not be too much to say that it is *the* most useful of these. It takes its place at once on the shelves of the dramatic collector by the side of the 'Biographia Dramatica,' Geneste's 'History of the Stage,' and Mr. Ireland's 'Records'; it is as indispensable as any of these, and it is more exact, fortunately, than the 'Biographia Dramatica,' and more orderly in arrangement than the worthy Mr. Geneste's work. Mr. Lowe has tried to give us here a list of all the books about the stage published in England. He does not catalogue plays, and the immense mass of Shaksperiana is also omitted; but histories of the theatre, biographies and autobiographies of actors, managers, and dramatists, books of criticism and of gossip, libellous pamphlets and satirical poems, treatises on acting and essays on the art of the stage—these Mr. Lowe has sought out and set down in strict alphabetical order, and with the utmost amplitude of cross references. Theatrical newspapers and dramatic magazines have their rise and their fall recorded in his pages. The richness of the material thus collected may be gauged by the fact that there are seventeen entries under Betty (the Infant Roscius), twenty-six under Colley Cibber, twenty-eight under Jeremy Collier, thirty-four under Foote, ninety under Garrick, eighteen under Henry Irving, twenty-eight under Edmund Kean, and twenty under Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

He was a wise man who said that "if you want to have the pride of accuracy taken out of you, print a catalogue," and we will not venture to declare that Mr. Lowe has made no erroneous omissions; we may even suggest that Mrs. Kemble's 'Notes on Some of Shakspere's Plays' should have been included, because it contains her brilliant and aggressive lecture "On the Stage." And the rigorous exclusion of books printed in America has resulted in some strange voids: for instance, although there are two entries under Fennell, his remarkable autobiography is not one of them. In like manner, though the English publications about Junius Brutus Booth and John Howard Payne are duly catalogued, it is with regret that we mark the absence of the more abundant American matter. No doubt, the line had to be drawn somewhere, and perhaps Mr. Lowe was right in recording no book not published in the United Kingdom. After all, these criticisms seem almost hypercritical when we consider again the many solid merits of the book. To use a commonplace, Mr. Lowe has done very well what was very well worth doing; and he deserves the thanks of all who know how hard his labors have been, and who shall hereafter profit by the results of them.

A certain piquancy not often observable in bibliography is to be discovered by any one who is familiar with a very sarcastic pamphlet called the 'Fashionable Tragedian' and directed against Mr. Henry Irving. This was published anonymously ten years ago, but we find it here set down as the work of Mr. Lowe himself in collaboration with Mr. William Archer. But none the less has Mr. Lowe dedicated his book "to Henry Irving, whose genius and achievements have so powerfully promoted that revival of interest in matters dramatic to which it owes its existence."

La Guerre de Sécession. 1861-1865. Par Ernest Grasset, Inspecteur-en-chef de la Marine. Deuxième Partie. Les Hommes. Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie.; New York: Christern. 1887.

WE have here a series of very clever sketches of the principal figures in our late civil war. As a rule, they are remarkable for justness of appreciation and facility of expression. That the men are viewed from the standpoint of a Frenchman, adds to the curiosity and interest with which we turn over the pages. In the first part of his book, M. Grasset has sketched the course of events; here we have his characterization of the actors. Many of his pictures are exceedingly good; those of Grant, Farragut, Meade, Butler, Burnside, may be, perhaps, especially cited.

Not infrequently we are made to see both sides in a fashion to which we are somewhat unaccustomed. Take this, for example, from the sketch of Grant, where our author is contrasting him with Lee:

"Robert Lee . . . possessed all the virtues of private life, all the qualities of a

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public man; he was infinitely superior to his adversary; his troops were admirably handled. The patriotism, remarkable as it was, of the loyal States, was surpassed in the South. There, everybody took part in the common work; women, children, old people, all gave something; some their blood, some their gold, others their labor. Notwithstanding this marvellous enthusiasm, which lasted four long years, this party succumbed. The vanquished General approached in genius the great captains of the world; the conqueror did not exceed the average of men of talent. He that was the less endowed by nature triumphed. Sprung from the people, he has their good qualities and their defects—the patient courage, the implacable resolution, the unpolished rudeness. Plebeian by birth, by education, by manners, he is the synthesis of twenty millions of men gathered around the flag of the Union. Grant does not manœuvre—he conducts a crusade; he directs an invasion. The tide rises, and overwhelms the defenders of Richmond. The man acts like a ram; he lowers his head and finds his skull so hard as not to be broken by the shock.

"'The Lieutenant-General does not count his losses,' they write of him in May 1864; 'he has not the time to bury his dead.' Here, in a couple of lines, is a portrait to the life. The Unionist chief does not calculate; he is a hammer, always striking, redoubling his blows, despite of blood, conflagration, ruin. Not being able to defeat his adversary, he destroys him by degrees, *a little* each time; despairing of conquering Virginia, he systematically devastates it. 'I will fight on this line if it takes all summer,' he writes to the Secretary of War. And the President believes in him; the Secretary of War approves of him; the country blindly follows this general, by whom, in a single month, the army has been reduced by one-half. There are no criticisms on these encounters, so terrible and so useless; no one of Grant's wishes meets opposition from any quarter. Lincoln, so original, so restless, will not allow himself to pass upon the campaign; he discerns final victory at the end of this bloody path."

Jefferson Davis has evidently interested greatly our foreign critic. He recounts his early career; his gallant conduct at Monterey and Buena Vista; his sagacious foresight that secession meant war. But M. Grasset is not blind to Davis's limitations:

"The incursions of Jefferson Davis into the domain of military affairs are always unfortunate. The two invasions of Maryland are due to his suggestion, against the advice, clearly given, of the General-in-Chief;* the weakening of the army of the West on the eve of Murfreesboro belongs entirely to him, as does also the sending of Longstreet to Knoxville after Chickamauga. It is, moreover, he who, in the last year of the war, retains his desperate clutch on Richmond, which Lee desires to abandon. His choice of instruments is no wiser than his choice of plans. He slights J. E. Johnston, he fails to make use of Kirby Smith, but he invents Hood, Braxton Bragg, and Pemberton, the men who are responsible for the surrenders of Atlanta, Chattanooga, and Vicksburg, the three mortal wounds of the Confederacy."

Yet we are not allowed to forget the strength and endurance with which the Confederate President bore up against a constantly increasing weight of misfortune and responsibility:

"On all other points his judgment and his dexterity are admirable. No disaster disheartens him; sad, but not discouraged, he renders to Congress his account of reverses, and indicates the proper measures to repair them. Adversity makes Jefferson Davis only the more inflexible. He defies the imminent bankruptcy, the destitution of the soldiers, the increasing number of desertions. The semi-official journal, the *Sentinel*, talks of war to the knife in the last town to which the Administration may be driven, with the last company that keeps the field under the Confederate colors. Sherman, 'the Attila of the South,' has driven back the army of Georgia—this is nothing; he is marching to his own ruin. Johnston is too prudent; Hood will restore our affairs. Atlanta falls; it is a misfortune, certainly, but one which can be repaired; Hood is about 'to flank the great flanker,' and to call him back whence he came. News comes that Sherman is penetrating the heart of Georgia; he will only find there his 'retreat from Russia.' Savannah has just fallen into the hands of the Federals; but what, in fact, was Savannah? Only an inconvenient rival of Charleston!"

Perhaps we have quoted enough to show M. Grasset's familiarity with his subject. But this portrait of Meade, to whose character and genius public attention has so recently been drawn by the unveiling of his statue in Philadelphia, cannot fail to be of interest to many old soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

"Tall, slenderly built, of graceful figure, with the slight stoop of a man of books, with manners most attractive, but stamped with great dignity, he inspires confidence and repels familiarity. He is not a 'beau' like Burnside, a seeker for popularity like Hooker, a political candidate like McClellan. Of a complex nature, he unites something of the courtesy of the first with the frankness of the second and the sagacity of the last, possessing besides the solid bravery of all three."

Of Meade at Gettysburg it is said:

"The man of study has disappeared; there remains only the army commander, who comprehends the gravity of the situation, and, preserving all his self-control, faces it with calmness. He shows much more intelligence about military matters than his predecessors Burnside and Hooker; his corps are all engaged; they carry help to one another, changing their position, often under fire—an immense advance since Chancellorsville, where half the army was beaten without firing a shot."

We have no hesitation in saying that this book of M. Grasset's exhibits a remarkable acquaintance with the persons and events of our war. Occasionally he is on a false scent, as where he is inclined to suspect that to Sherman belongs the credit of the brilliant manœuvres near Chattanooga in November, 1863, which he says "ressemblent peu aux procédés ordinaires de Grant." The credit here, as is well known, belongs to Gen. W. F. (Baldy) Smith, then Chief Engineer of the Army of the Cumberland. But the book, as a whole, gives one a very correct notion of the men who were prominent in the war on both sides, both as respects personal character and military and political capacity.

* In this, M. Grasset is mistaken; the policy of invading the North met with the entire approval of Gen. Lee.

The Court and Reign of Francis the First, King of France. By Julia Pardoe, author of 'Louis XIV.,' etc. 3 vols. Scribner & Welford. 1887. 8vo.

Miss Pardoe's historical works are too well known to require commendation, as graphic and truthful representations of the periods which they describe. The fruit of conscientious and painstaking industry, as well as of a narrative power of high excellence, they well merit the sumptuous new edition in which her 'Francis the First' has been presented to us. The periods chosen by Miss Pardoe as subjects of her skilful delineation—the reigns of Louis XIV. and of Francis I.—although separated by a century, have something in common, in the splendor and brilliancy of the court, as well as its extreme corruption. They may be well contrasted with the stormy times of the Huguenot wars and the strong rule of Richelieu, which lie between them. The two kings, the most brilliant in their line except Henry IV., resemble one another in a real kingliness of temper and demeanor, and a genuine love for art and literature, joined with utter selfishness and profound sensuality. From the point of view of elegance and gayety, these are no doubt the most attractive periods in French history—qualities which make them peculiarly suited to a writer of Miss Pardoe's special powers, and explain her selection of times which were morally so detestable.

The work before us can hardly be said to suffer from the want of a revision which should bring its scholarship to the level of present information. The period of nearly forty years that has passed since it was written has added much to our knowledge of the period, and, if the author could now make a fresh study of the authorities, she would no doubt change her judgment on many points. One does not, however, read Miss Pardoe for historical information, but rather to quicken the historical imagination, and inform the dry details of history with life. This power in a writer is certainly second to that of critical judgment and accurate scholarship, but is valuable in itself, and too apt to be overlooked in our days of minute historical investigation. Still, if we can hardly ask for a thorough revision of a work the excellence of which is essentially literary, an occasional correction or note would nevertheless be helpful, as, for instance, on page 51 of the first volume, where it is hard to recognize the despot of Perugia under the term "hereditary sovereign of Pérousa"—a name neither Italian, French, nor English. The book is printed in elegant style, and adorned with eighteen well-engraved portraits. The cover of each volume is stamped with a pattern designed by Diana of Poitiers.

California of the South. Its Physical Geography, Climate, Resources, Routes of Travel, and Health-Resorts. Being a complete Guide-Book to Southern California. By Walter Lindley, M.D., and J. P. Widney, A.M., M.D. With maps and illustrations. D. Appleton & Co. 1888.

It is pleasant to find a book so satisfactory to the searcher after truth regarding California as this is. The careful manner in which the whole is written impresses the reader with the sincerity of the compilers, and their evident desire to be impartial gives weight to some surprising statements. Part first, on Climatology, is of great interest to the inhabitants of Southern California, as well as to visitors and intending settlers, and cannot be too highly commended. It is a matter of regret that a map calculated to mislead the casual observer should find a prominent place. The term "mean temperature" means only confusion to the average reader. He can form no correct idea of the real conditions of heat and cold from the two portions of the map that are colored alike to indicate that those localities have the same temperature. One embraces the coast line from Mexico to Santa Barbara, and has the most equable and agreeable climate in Southern California. The other includes the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys between the Coast Range and the Sierras, portions of which are well known to be very hot and malarious in summer, and subject to sharp frosts in winter. The same map has been published separately in Los Angeles, and widely distributed, but is generally condemned. The statement as to the general character of the Chinese inhabitants of Los Angeles will be denied by many whose experience has been widely different, and who have been faithfully served for years by Chinese servants. Compared with the average servant of any nationality, the testimony is greatly in their favor as to honesty, respectfulness, and personal cleanliness, though it is difficult to reconcile their known habits in the latter respect with their custom of herding together in airless dens when in pursuit of amusement or society.

The appendix concerns those who are thinking of finding a home in Southern California, yet desire a reasonable assurance of ways to make a living. The authors are apparently

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well informed on the subjects of which they treat, and moderate in most of their statements, but it would be well if he who writes in part iii, of the olive, that "ten acres of olives, four years from the planting of the cuttings, will support a family," should mention at least one instance of such a remarkably fruitful orchard, even though the family comprises but two persons. He should also have stated that the present high price of oil cannot be sustained when the best methods of treatment are widely understood. At present only a few growers are successful in its manufacture, and the supply, therefore, is very limited.

It would also be well for the reader to remember that the dazzling sunshine of California affects the eyes of the most sincere writers, making it, apparently, physically impossible for them to see the inevitable shadows. Guides who tell only of the pleasant paths and fine views, and give no warning of the rough places and possible pitfalls, are not the best kind for a traveller in a strange country. Let him know of the chances against him as well as for him, so that, having prepared himself to meet obstacles and some buffets of fortune, he will not be unduly discouraged, nor complain of his guide.

Our Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Longmans, Green & Co. 1888.

THIS is an artist's journey from Calais to Lyons and a little beyond, in which the pleasant feature is the large number of small illustrations of French types and landscape which are profusely scattered over the pages. It makes a very pretty volume, and is even an advance in this respect over the other two attractive books of tricycle travel which the same authors have published. It is, however, a tricycle journey: the roads and the inns are the most engrossing subjects of interest; the wind, the rain, and the good weather are next in importance, and the face of the country and the manners of the inhabitants come last. Accidents, of course, providentially occurred, and these fill the place of adventures. There was some sentiment included in the plan, and the travellers did follow upon the track of Sterne, to whom they dedicate their ramble. But sentiment was in practice hard to come at; they discovered the second day that it did not depend upon their own volition. The country was as fair as ever, and the sketches show its quiet fields and rolling hills and still, poplar-shadowed rivers. There must have been charm in it, and once there was enthusiasm over one day's ride; but the travellers do not seem to have had a really good time. Perhaps the text is too closely confined to the notes taken at the time. We are certainly told very little about the things seen. Millet's country was on the route, and there is a pleasant chapter on a small scale about it. Stevenson was a fellow-traveller to be remembered with Sterne, and Ruskin was remembered at Amiens. There is a good word for the French commercial traveller, who, according to other tourists, sadly needs it. But the volume altogether is to be regarded as an artists' sketch-book of the roadside, and it is a very agreeable collection of such glimpses of old gates, streams, peasants, landladies, and soldiers on horseback at the autumn manœuvres.

Outlines of Society, Literature, and Politics. By Edwin Percy Whipple. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

THIS new volume of Mr. Whipple's Collected Writings is made up in the main of political articles written upon the topics of the war time or of the period of reconstruction. They have a good deal of the heat of party in them, as well as patriotic fire, and they are so specific in their treatment that they can have now only an historical interest as illustrations of the pamphlet-warfare of the time. Such questions as are raised in them require more close connection with general principles if the paper is to take any place in literature; but they are not characterized by the broad grasp and philosophic habit of mind which sometimes make contemporary pamphlets, written for special purposes, always of use to the political student. Nearly everything in them is now dead matter. The other essays are upon the decadence of morals in the business world, the increase of luxury, and like subjects, or upon literature. Of this last division, however, there is only a very small proportion—one little essay upon Mr. Lowell's prose style, and another rambling paper entitled "Dickens-land," which some of our readers may remember. The whole is not an unfair illustration of Mr. Whipple's literary work when he had no intention of making a book. They are the papers of the magazine-writer, not meant to live beyond the hour or to serve any but a passing purpose, and in no sense are they to be regarded as a part of the work upon which his reputation as a writer is based. The volume is well printed and altogether a handsome one; yet it only cumbers the shelf which is already sufficiently well laden with its author's literary criticism.

A Quarter of a Century in Photography. A collection of hints on practical photography which form a complete text-book of the art. By Edward L. Wilson. New York: The Author, 835 Broadway.

MR. WILSON'S name is known as far as the literature of photography has spread, and, so far as that literature is concerned, his labor is inseparable from all that has been done since it assumed the importance it now has. The fault we must find with this book, which is the result, in the last reduction, of all his studies, is that he has "pitchforked" all he has ever known over to the public, and made a manual so huge, and containing so much material that is only to be learned to be forgotten, that it is practically of no use to the beginner, while the old hand knows it all already. The knowledge of the wet-collodion process, in all its vexatious and uncertain details, is to the modern photographer perfectly superfluous, and the time spent in learning it, if anybody were so uselessly disposed, would enable the tyro to do all that he needs to do by the gelatine processes.

When we have manuals of fifty pages which teach all that an intelligent person need be taught by a book, or indeed can be so taught of photography, it requires a ponderous patience to go through a volume of above 500 pages. To shorten it, the utterly irrelevant quotations from Ruskin and other art writers might have been left out, as worse than useless because misleading. It is well indexed, and for that reason it deserves a good word and a place as a book of reference for students of the history of photography. For those who care only for the practical results, time may be more usefully employed than in the reading of Mr. Wilson's "hints."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashton, J. The Fleet: its River, Prison, and Marriages. Scribner & Welford.
Bardeen, C. W. Common School Law. New ed. Syracuse, N. Y.; C. W. Bardeen.
Beecher, Rev. H. C. Milton's Paradise Lost. Book I. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Blades, W. The Enemies of Books. Revised ed. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25.
Brown, Marie A. The Icelandic Discoverers of America. Boston: The Author.
Cable, G. W. Bonaventure: a Prose Pastoral of Acadian Louisiana. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Cary, Rev. H. F. Dante's Inferno. Scribner & Welford.
Chamber's Encyclopædia. Vol. I. A to Beaufort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.
Coles, Dr. A. New Rendering of the Hebrew Psalms into English Verse. D. Appleton & Co.
Evelyn, John. The Life of Mrs. Godolphin. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $2.50.
Featherman, A. Social History of the Races of Mankind. Oceano-Melanesians. London: Trübner & Co.
Fitzgerald, P. Life and Times of John Wilkes, M. P. 2 vols. Scribner & Welford.
Goethe's Boyhood. 1749–1764. Translated by John Oxenford. Scribner & Welford.
Goethe's Faust. Translated by Anna Swanwick. Scribner & Welford.
Goldsmith, O. Vicar of Wakefield. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40 cents.
Harrison, W. H., jr. How to Get Rich in the South. Chicago: W. H. Harrison, jr., Pub. Co.
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